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"... Jackson sticks it to the IRS and the Feds in 'Death & Taxes', a hard-hitting reinvestigation..."
-Derek Elly, Variety

"...a devastating and disturbing picture of America."
-Sheila Whitaker, London Film Festival

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"DEATH & TAXES is the true story of what the government did to Gordon and our family..."
-Joan Kahl

DEATH & TAXES explores the myths and controversies surrounding a man who dared to challenge the IRS. The

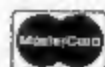
Kahl's burned and badly mutilated corpse raised new questions of a government cover-up.



movie follows the documentary trail of Kahl as his body is exhumed for a new autopsy. Building on newsreel clips, interviews and eye witness accounts of the two fiery shoot-outs between Kahl and federal agents, **DEATH & TAXES** reveals for the first time the true story as it happened and as it continues to reverberate nationally.

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Even Hitler Had a Girlfriend

"BEST DRIVE-IN MOVIE OF THE YEAR"
- Joe Bob Briggs

"A GORGEOUS CAST OF CUTIES"
- Brutarian

ADULTS ONLY



BACK STREET JANE
a modern film noir

"ONE MEAN BITCH"
- VideoMania

"SUPERBLY ACTED"
- World of Fandom

"PERFECT"
- Psychotronic

"TRULY SCARY"
- Factsheet Five

"ENGROSSING"
- Film Threat

ADULTS ONLY



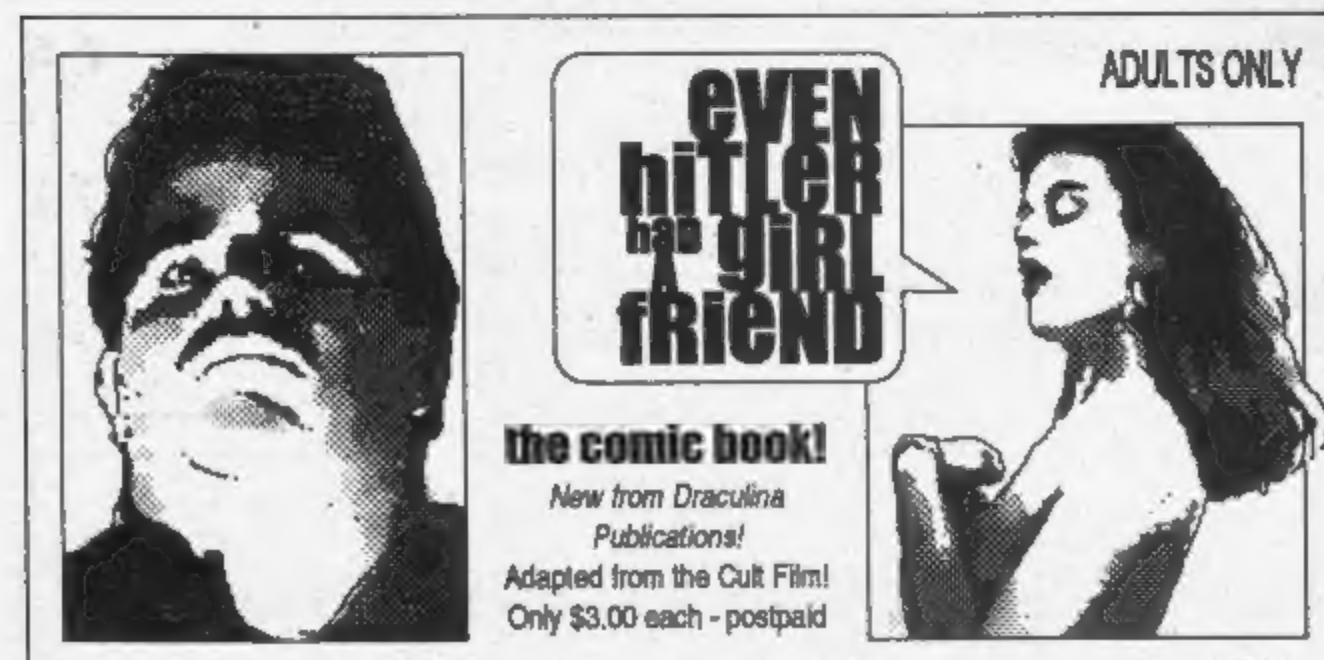
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VIDEO GUIDE

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SPECIAL THANKS
Denise Lisi & Family for dinner
Swingers everywhere

COVER
A cornucopia of exploitive images

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(SAME AS ABOVE.
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PRESENTS

MONDO APOCALYPSE

LOW BUDGET MOVIE MAKING AT ITS LOWEST! FROM TIM ASHWORTH, DIRECTOR OF
TWO THUMBS UP CARL JUNG'S BUTT & GOD'S LITTLE WHOREHOUSE

5 NIGHTMARES:

a dream within a dream



A dead flapper sculps meat.

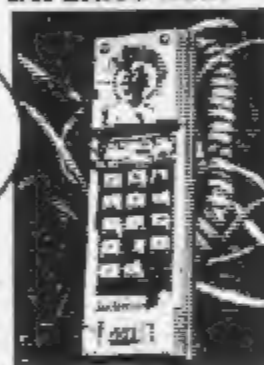
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yet common everyday
lice infected two inch
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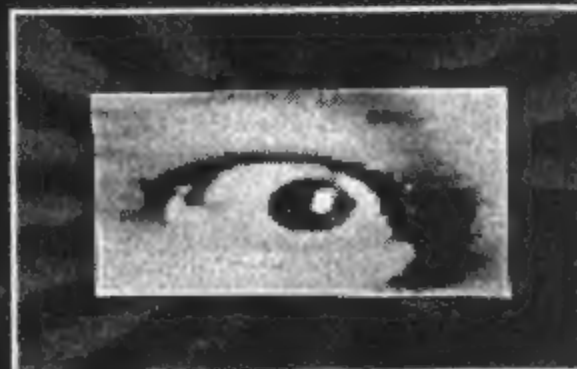
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Or DWTHREAT (Dave) and JimJoys (Dominic) @ AOL. com

A FAIR READER REPRESENTATION

Film Treat Video,

Thank you for putting out the best video guide!! We all enjoy it. I have issue number 12, and I think that the way you give in-depth articles is really Hellish. I am sending you a poem that I wrote in my spare time. I was hoping, that you would be so kind and send me the issue that this letter is in! Thanx for reading this. Please print my address also.

Robert Weiser
16355 Fairfax St.
Fontana, CA 92336-2586

**Death by mutilation is the only
way to
die, Morbid fascination as I
gouge out
your eyes.
I sit and stare at your rotting
corpse
With the murder weapon in my
hands...**

Dear Robert,
I'm sure the relatives of
those who died so you'd
have First Amendment
rights are extremely
happy that you're putting
them to such clever use.
However, we can't tell
you how delighted we are
that you like the latest
issue. [His "poem"
actually ran a full page,
but you get the idea...]

FANS OF MANSON

Subj: MM and Richard Kern
From: HarryH9741@AOL.com

Does anybody read "Film Threat Video Guide"? If so, there's an article on MM and the director of the 'Lunchbox' video in issue 12. It gives the rundown on the idea for the video and the song and how they filmed it. Also tells about the basis for MM and how Trent R. signed them on his label and how Interscope was having reservations about releasing their debut album. Great article. I strongly recommend that anybody who wants more insight on MM, pick up a copy of issue 12. This particular issue deals mainly with sex fetish videos. Very Kinky!!!!
Kairie

This note was downloaded from the Marilyn Manson folder on AOL. Okay, we don't really have a response to this, but it made our butts all warm and fuzzy to know people were talking about the story. Thanks Kairie!

READER CONFESSION

DEAR FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE,
WELL, I'M FUCKIN SICK AND TIRED OF BEATIN UP THE GOD DAMN MAGAZINE STAND OWNER JUST TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF FTVG. THE DAMN TACCOI DOESN'T EVEN HAVE MONEY FOR ME. SO I DECIDED TO PUT ASIDE SOME DRUG MONEY TO GET A FUCKIN SUBSCRIPTION. SORRY I'M MAD, SOME FUCKIN KIDS RAIDED MY SHROOM PATCH AND MY FOUR FOOT BONG BROKE. BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP ME FROM HAVING A LITTLE FUCKIN FUN. HERE'S A MONEY ORDER FORM AND A PHOTOCOPY OF THE SUBSCRIPTION FORM.
CAN YOU BELIEVE TANGORIA SAID DARKNESS WAS A BUNCH OF CORY SET PILCES STRUNG TOGETHER BY WORDS. FUCKIN GODDAMN, PIECE OF SHIT, ASSHOLE, MOTHERFUCKERS. THANKS A BUNCH.

PS. Please send
free video too.

SINCERELY,
Rob
Kern

Rob,
Sorry to hear about your veggie patch, but we can't endorse violence. Otherwise, keep up the good behavior.



Spiderwoman,
It always concerns us when the term "erotic" is used to describe *Nekromantic*. Don't get us wrong, we enjoy a good relationship with a corpse as much as the next guy but isn't "romantic" a more apt term. Don't you agree? However, your appreciation for our mag is exceeded only by your tremendous photography. Keep snapping your snatch.

GREAT-FUL CUSTOMER

FTUB:

Nekromantic I is the most erotic movie I have ever seen and the documentary at the end of *Deranged* is incredible & thanks for making them available to me. You mentioned in issue #11 that you could not find the cheap Rob Love Video - it's for sale in the Catalog of Carnage, along with many gruesome, hard to find movies (and human bones). If you do find Apocalypse Pooh - let me know, it sounds snazzy & you have the best mag in print, so for all your hard work - I've enclosed a picture of my snatch...

↓
Spiderwoman

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U.S.A.

ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER

To Whom It May Concern,
Please remove me from your mailing list as soon as possible.
Appreciate your cooperation.

Sincerely,
Joe Melvin

CENTRAL MOVIE ITEM: -04 10/01/94
Film Threat Video (Sample)
TO:
JILL MELVIN
39 HONEYCUTT DR
RICHMOND VA 23233

LOST IN HER OWN SPACE

Hi Dave

FACT TO THE CONTRARY
FOR SUSAN ABOUT "MARTA KRISTEN"
JUDY ROBINSON LOST IN SPACE
WAS IN TWO - R - SOFTCORE FILMS
ONE "GEMINI AFFAIR" TOO LESBIAN LOVE
NUDITY
TWO "ONCE TOO" NUTTY SHAW-
FUNKY "WOMAN"
CHECK EM OUT!
OH THOSE NORTIC WOMEN WOW!

THE MAO VIKING
HUGGY BEAR

Huggybear,
Readers of the last issue will remember that reader Susan was berated for suggesting that Lost In Space actress Marta Kristen appeared in several soft porn flicks after the demise of her series. Way, way too many readers wrote in to tell us that Kristen did indeed indulge in X-rated anti-epics. However, we can't yet apologize to Susan since all we have are your worthless letters. We want to see the damn evidence. Send us the videotapes!

MORE DIRTY READERS

To: DWTHREAT

Hi David. First off let me butter you up by saying that *Film Threat Video* is a damn fine magazine. I just wish it was printed on something other than newsprint because it is a royal bitch clearing the ink off of my Wacom tablet.

From BOSAIYA @AOL.COM

BOSAIYA,

Thanks for your kind letter. We sympathize with your dirty hands but surely you don't want us to "sell out" and lose our "indie street cred" by using a better printer.

EL LOCO ON-LINE

From CRUZLOCO @AOL.com
To: DwThreat

Just thought I'd drop a note to tell you that your magazine is the shit. Its about time that a magazine caters to people like myself with a taste for something different. I have had it with endless Home Alone style bullshit comedies and churned out crap like Robin Hood Prince of Thieves. All that overbudget, over hyped crap makes me ill. For once a magazine has come along that appreciates the independent filmmaker, our last true savior of quality cinema.

"Appreciates the independent filmmaker?" Where did you get that stupid idea? We hate filmmakers...

THE GUIDE IS DEAD?

Dear Film Threat Video Guide,
My friend down at Bobby's Coffee Shop said the SEX ISSUE was the last. Are you really finished? I wanna cry. Say it
AINT THROUGHT

DAVID ADOLSON
SCOTTSDALE, AZ

Despite numerous inquiries, reports of the GUIDE's death are greatly exaggerated. It just smells really, really bad.

SOUTHERN SAVIORS?

TO: DWThreat

I am really enjoying the current "The Sex Issue" Film Threat Video Guide. I appreciate all you guys do, so people like me in Augusta, Georgia, of all places, can find out about all this underground shit. I noticed a letter from some cod regarding Phil Vigeant, and his involvement with FTVG. Please relate to anyone, I would like info on Super 8 Sound and its products.
@Intermix.COM

Intermix,

As requested: Super 8 Sound, 2805 W. Magnolia Blvd. Burbank CA 91505
(818) 848-5522 or 848-5956 fax.

SHITTY IDEA

DEAR VIDEO GUIDE,

Why haven't we seen a compilation film or video that depicts in full display, variation and theme and a developed image of how every film maker takes a shit? Think for an instant, how do such film makers as Roman Polanski or John Huston unsnap their trousers? How do George Stevens or John Ford plop their butts down on the toilet seat? Of all the film makers today, who groans the loudest? Who produces the biggest fart?

Vee Brown
Lagrange, GA

Dear Vee,
Interesting, but hasn't it already been done? Didn't Kevin Costner shit a big one in Wyatt Earp? Or was that the studio execs?

LUCKY CHARMER OR LOSER?

Dave Williams:

Thanks for the coverage of the Lucky Charm Awards. It's great to get mention in your magazine.

A few points:

We're not a film market. We don't have dealer's tables. It's great that other festivals offer this, but we're not that kind of festival.

The LCAs were created to highlight works shot on video: VHS, Hi8, SVHS. We try to fill the gap and offer an outlet for works that may not be getting screened at other festivals. Some of the entries are programs that were originally created for cable access and some of the entries are very low-budget. Although we've accepted work shot on film, starting in '95 we will only accept work originally shot on video.

This year we were able to screen works submitted from all over the U.S., videos that Seattle audiences have read about in *FTVG* throughout the year, but wouldn't normally get a chance to see, such as *A Doorstop Documentary*, and clips from *Age of Demons & Death Magic*. Other works include *Cybertech*, *Deuteronomy*, *Rosa Mi Amour*, *America's Hunkiest Home Videos*, *Glitter Goddess of the Sunset Strip*, and the feature *Vampire Trailer Park*.

We're truly thrilled when we get videomakers to attend the screenings, and hope to feature more full length works for our 4th year. Our deadline this year is March 31, 1995 and the event will take place in August in Seattle.

Kelly W. Hughs

Kelly,

We understand your situation but you can't deny the disappointment that filmmaker/writer/FTVG friend, Merle Bertrand expressed in his essay detailing your miserable non-event. It's terrific to see someone out there, like yourself, trying to showcase this kind of work, but putting on a festival is no small undertaking and it shouldn't be taken lightly. You can't just show a couple of films and call yourself a "festival." Otherwise, every day of the week would be considered a "festival" at the FTVG offices.

In recent years there has been a proliferation of these events (and while encouraging) it seems many were decided on a whim of some enthusiastic chap. And as we are discovering, a whim doth not a festival make. We don't want to discourage you—just force you to improve your damn event. Good Lucky.

NON-LINE

To: DWThreat:

Hey—where's the Film Threat folder? It isn't in NEW HOLLYWOOD. BTW loved the latest is. More SEX!!!!
@SonyaG7290 @ AOL.COM

SonyaG7290 @ AOL.COM,

As you may have guessed, we're not known for our huge financial base or organizational skills. Right now we have to maintain with mere private addresses for Dominic (JimJoys) and Dave (DWThreat). We are working on starting a folder and with your help it'll become amazingly popular. We do promise to start uploading excerpts from FTVG soon. Meanwhile, we appreciate your E-mail. Please keep it coming because we crave your acceptance and praise. (Although we'd prefer cash.)

EASY TO MAKE HARD TO MAKE WELL

YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO HOLLYWOOD THEY'VE managed to glamorize, what are in reality, the most boring lives in the world. After viewing *Forrest Gump*, I almost signed up for a lobotomy. "Wow!" I thought. Think how many chicks I could pull if I could play ping-pong... However, a little hindsight and a trip to the local mental institution to visit some friends quickly made me realize that an amazing ability to catch shrimp is no substitute for being unable to determine when and where it is appropriate to be explaining the metaphorical virtues of a box of damn chocolates.

Yet for the value of being able to escape reality through films, there is perhaps no more moving or inspiring an experience than a well made documentary. If a filmmaker can sum up an event or someone's life—that often took many years to occur—into an entertaining 90 minutes, then it is one hell of a filmmaker. Still the documentary is viewed by many as the easiest form of filmmaking. "Hey You just switch on that there camera and you got yourself a documentary, bud." Sure, they may be the easiest films to make, but they are the hardest films to make well.

It's far more difficult than shooting a film from a script. At least with a script, you know exactly what you've got to shoot. And you can tell your actors when and where to do it. With a documentary you've gotta hope that something interesting will happen first. Then you gotta hope that you're recording *when* it does happen. And then, you've got to be able to piece all your cool footage together in one cohesive piece that makes sense and remains entertaining. That usually means, you've got to leave a lot of your footage on the cutting room floor which thusly makes telling the story more difficult.

But narrative film and documentaries do share one very important feature: Both styles can be rendered useless by lack of content. As Alex Crawford, the editor of *Hated* and the director of *Porn* (see feature story, pg.48), pointed out, "Sixty percent of your documentary depends on your choice of subject." And although a bad script can be very damaging to a film, it can be disastrous to a documentary. I mean, a piece on the life and times of GG Allin certainly makes for more interesting viewing than say, oh, let me see, a bunch of twenty-something losers living in some exotic beach locale who get pissy every two minutes. Not to mention the fact that they

were living off some fancy-schmanzy, big-time corporation. Yes, even MTV's *The Real World* comes under the awfully wide banner of "Documentary." But it is one of those new breed of documentaries—similar in vain to the classic mockumentary *Spinal Tap*. While many believe *Real World* was indeed *real*, there are many arguments to the contrary. C'mon could 7 people really be that annoying? More importantly, would that terrific fellow, Dominic, really get that drunk, knowing it would air on national television? Would he willingly allow himself to be ridiculed and branded an alcoholic by complete strangers? Oh c'mon, he was reading from a script. That guy, he's a master thespian.



David E. Williams

Doing receedingly good,
thank you.

Dominic Griffin

Dominic Griffin
Executive Editor

SPECIAL NOTE TO VIDEO CUSTOMERS!

While most video orders are processed and shipped within three weeks, some tapes may not be in stock and must be reordered by us. However, if you feel there is a *real* problem call (818) 848-8971 and leave a complete message including your phone number and the exact date of your order or (better yet) send a postcard to FTV, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078. **DO NOT** call FILM THREAT magazine. FILM THREAT VIDEO is a separate company and only WE can help you. Thanks!

"The Festival That Didn't Blow!" - Dave Williams, FILM THREAT



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SCAN

A complete guide to the films and videos sent to us that weren't immediately turned into "blanks." See page 33 for our submission form or just send your film to FTVG, PQ Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170. Remember address and phone info!

Edited by Dominic Griffin

SMUSH

9mins/16mm/B&W
Squish Productions

9 

Gorgeous girls pouting and flirting with the camera usually segues into a sweaty guy selling deodorant. Not so in *Smush*, which is a tribute to Dr. Richard Von Krafft-Ebing, the first cataloger of sexual perversities—including the foot fetish

The spokesmodel for *Smush*'s foot fetish is the drop dead cute (she's not Sophia Loren) Erika Elizondo who has a size 8 1/2 shoe. She smiles like she's in a jeans ad while her gorgeous painted toenails strangle earthworms to death. The B&W film shows her feet stepping on earthworms like they're grapes. It features her brushing off the earthworm carcasses like dog shit. She even twists them around like she's stamping out that hard-to-quash cigarette

All this goes on to a sound track of scraping feet and Erika's distorted voice cooing lines like "I am going to step on you and smush you with my bare foot" Yeah! This is a must for foot fetishists

—Andrew Asch



SIZE 8 1/2:
The saucy
worm
squisher
from *SMUSH*
AND HER
WIGGLY PREY.

not one more, not one less.

"No bullshit," a theme that surfaces again and again is exactly what Zukovic delivers.

We get tension, we get the mystery, we

get the conflict, we get the humor, we get the tragic irony, we get it all, baby. We get it all in a package that you would never think would be big enough, wide enough, or tall enough to hold it

A guy wants to rent a home. Yes, that's it. He just wants to rent a home away from L.A., for himself and his wife, so that they can get away from it all. And yes, it's one word that sets the whole thing into motion, one eight letter word that slams the two characters together and sends them catapulting through the spirit world. The human spirit, that is, where men are men and all they want is the straight story, a wall to keep the other guy out and a great view of the San Andreas Fault

I must say that aside from one tiny shadow cast by the camera and a lack of nudity, this short film was perfect. If Zukovic ever decides to cook,

NOW RENTING

15mins/16mm
Byronic Pose Productions

9  

"Now that's a fuckin' radish." Perhaps these seven syllables taken from the ancient Haiku that defines our existence should replace the prolific "we hold these truths to be self evident?" Zukovic hit the nine-incher right on the head and drove it all the way through with *Now Renting*. The twenty-four frames that zip through each second are like bolts of lightning creating life in virgin worlds in a part of the universe that we may never see. What the hell

am I talking about? I'm talking about Dan "The Man" Zukovic and the incredible writing that went into this fascinating short film.

There is not one word in this screenplay that is just there as filler or by accident. All of the dialogue is as crucial to each character as his next breath. Zukovic did one heck of a job in using great economy and made each sentence the "next great monologue."

Talk about detail, there is not one image that could be considered unnecessary. Fifteen minutes of film gives us about twenty-one thousand and six hundred frames that absolutely have to be there,

REVIEWS

get in line and grab a plate because it's going to be fucking good.

—Paul Zies

PSYCHOTROPIC OVERLOAD

80mins/16mm/Color and B&W

JFA Films



When Joe Alexander gets his distribution deal on *Psychotropic Overload* with NAMBLA, I'm sure the film will be scored to the tune of *Ninety-Nine Bottles of Beer*. Although most of the cinematography in this psycho-thriller-with-a-fruit-twist was interesting and added just the right amount of deranged highlights to *Overload's* dark character, it was just downright slow.

Eighty minutes is a heck of a lot of time to waste in order

to tell an old story with very low-budget accessories, i.e. the actors, the screenplay, and the musical score

However, to the dismay of some of my colleagues, I was not bored by the stream of consciousness montage style of images that made up the vertebrae to this spineless film. I found the photography to be the most refreshing aspect of the entire work. Alexander earned points with me by keeping those "dirty" images of Mom's boobs as grainy and black and white as they could be and for making the psychoanalyst's solo sessions stagnant and unbearable through a static video camera.

I would like to have seen *Psychotropic Overload* with half of the dialogue, easily done by cutting some of the "fuck" words out. Less words and more of the interplay with the images, the film stock, the

color, the grain, the angles, the lighting, and the composition of each shot would earn this film a ten rating

I must commend Alexander for doing what he did visually with the old 'psychoanalyst whose client is a murderer' routine. Everybody knows that either the murderer is always going to end up screwing the shrink hard and/or they are going to become involved in such a manner that it becomes almost impossible to separate their two personalities. That is, if they are separate from one another to begin with. It's very easy to say a film has an old story or that you've seen it done before—because every story is old and everything has been done before; however, Alexander does have a wacky twist and imagery that puts a slight spin on his effort.

—PZ

PIPSQUEAK PFOLLIES

Peeling Booty Productions

24mins/16mmB&W and Color



Directed by Danny Plotnick (The Super 8 auteur behind *Death Sled II* and *Steel Belted Romeos*), *Pipsqueak Pfolies*, which probably had the working title of *Pedophile's Delight*, showcases the best of the short film genre's worst. Where most people would turn their noses up at the thought of a silent movie about a fat guy whose life is dominated by small children, I found it more rewarding to expose myself to newborn Chihuahuas and thereby express my true dissatisfaction with the film.

Pipsqueak has all the characteristics of an undergraduate



PATENTED

REVIEW SYSTEM

RATINGS

- 10** Perfect! A must for any collection and worth twice the price!
- 9** Excellent. Definitely worth seeing and showing off to friends.
- 8** Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.
- 7** Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.
- 6** Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.
- 5** A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.
- 4** Dull. But almost interesting at scan speed.
- 3** Trance-inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.
- 2** Bad. You have a new blank tape for your growing 90210 collection.
- 1** Sucks! No explanation necessary as you have probably gone comatose.

CLASSIFICATIONS

No Budget	Horror	Action	Classic
Low Budget	Nudity	Subversive	Animated
Big Budget	Arty	Surreal	Sci-Fi
Comedy	Music	Documentary	Pop Culture
Drama	Music Video	Instructional	Compilation

READING OUR REVIEWS

The title of the movie, stupid. → **ALIEN VOWS**

The company or individual who made the movie. → Sunstone Pictures

The detailed criticism that will help you decide if the film is worth your time or money. → We've all seen this movie before. Back in the 50's, the studios churned

Running time and format. ← 82 mins/Super 8

Describes the content at a glance. Perfect for illiterates or those who just find reading to be a strain! ←

film student's nightmare—making that first "big" film. Though I was surprised how the prehistoric skeleton of a plot gave me a chuckle, I was really hoping for Plotnick to give me something that I hadn't seen yet. How many times have we encountered the fat man getting knocked on the head, landing on his ass by a bunch of *Little Rascals* rejects, then shaking his fist and saying, "I'll get those little boogers!" Who cares about these cute little angels who become devilish monsters? Give us, instead, decapitations by the merry-go-round.

I'm telling you, if a bunch of little snot-noses like this gang came around my town to steal my laundry, then poured liquid detergent all over me, chased me down the street, and then conned me on a "new" stolen bicycle with dysfunctional tires, there would have been a story in the next

day's paper about an unexplained explosion at the monkey bars which claimed the lives of six little brats.

A brief post-game color and sound interview session with the tiny terrorists reminds us that little kids don't like adults (No Shit!) which serves as a transition into the second half of the film where the fat man gets his revenge. Not a particularly overpowering display of unnecessary and excessive violence, however, seeing a little girl in the fluff cycle four kids crammed into a trash can and two kids gunned down in the street is a refreshing ending that shows promise. Danny, forget about the Disney contracts, go watch some Woo flicks and round out that education with a couple of adult video titles.

—PZ

STRIP POOL

30 mins/Video

Bimbeaux Video

8   

Boy oh boy! Bambi and Heather playing pool and they're not wearing a whole heck of a lot of clothes. Need I say more? Why they didn't make driving school video's more like this, I don't know.

Strip Pool held my attention not only through the scantily clad antics of Bambi (Stephanie Sumers) and Heather (Heather Samms), it was also the whimsical narration, the musical score, and the overall professional quality of the video that made the package complete.

How can I possibly pan something that gives a brief history of the game of pool, very useful tips on the proper technique of shooting, scoring, and caring for your stick and two very attractive young

ladies hoping to further their knowledge of white trash leisure activities?

Everything in *Strip Pool* evokes the "it's a beautiful thing" feeling inside of me. Set against the backdrop of a very posh home, Heather gives Bambi a topless lesson in pool while the narrator gives pointers and one-liners, i.e. "Nice rack, Bambi!" I couldn't believe how innocent I felt about the whole experience. The sleaze factor was virtually non-existent. Only good clean fun can be found pool side with these girls. They exhibit the best in sportsmanship while remaining bosom buddies throughout the entire affair. No bad words, nothing too hardcore and no money shots. But it is chock-full of half time highlights and a tantalizing session of strip pool at the end. Now that is entertainment the entire family can enjoy.

PZ

CARNY TALK



and other amusing anecdotes

By

ROBERT WILLIAMS

CONTENTS

1. A Violent Encounter
2. Carny Talk
3. The Great Fecal Matter
4. Motorcycles and Hot Rods
5. Hospital Still Borne
6. The Blow Job
7. Sunshine and Health

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WIRED TO BLOW

20mins/Video

Filmwerks



Simply describing this video's concept, *Wired To Blow* is a twenty minute prison-set dialogue involving a female psychiatrist attempting to analyze a male inmate who was incarcerated for murdering six girls. With expectations falling around the six to seven yawn marker, the film surprisingly entertains solely because of Donald McGrath's portrayal of the killer (named Leonard).

McGrath effectively exploits subtleties in his facial features and tone which enrich the generally decent dialogue and effectively augment his character's development. For example, the most potent moment in the film is when Leonard gives insight into his actions by describing the sense of

importance he feels when he has a gun to a girl's face. An underlying layer of emotion in both his voice and actions makes the rationalization sound fearfully honest and real.

In stark contrast to McGrath is Suzanne Cordero's utterly unconvincing part as the psychiatrist. Cordero attempts to portray the character as very cold and sterile towards Leonard but the vibe seems contrived and rather novice. Her portrayal would have been more convincing if she occasionally gave the impression of struggling to remain emotionless against the killer's verbal attempts to unsettle her.

Regardless, McGrath's performance compensates for any weaknesses found elsewhere in project. If the video's goal is to present a multi-faceted characterization piece, *Wired to Blow* sorta succeeds in its

desired effect

—David Jentson

The Annual PXL Video Festival



Clap Off They Glass presents PXL THIS, the oldest annual festival featuring videos made with the PXL 2000 Fisher Price toy camera by filmmakers from across North America spanning many genres including experimental documentary, comedy, art, music, drama and beyond. Designed to be the least expensive and easiest to use camcorder, the PXL 2000 empowers independent artists while the teenage targeted consumers reject it as the essential vessel of expression. The really creative artists can do alot with nothing. The magical toy restores human vitality in video art. Holly Willis wrote in the LA Reader "All the videos reflect festival organizer Gerry Fajka's commitment to the freedom produced by making art without financial constraints." Mary Beth Crain stated in LA Weekly, "The power of PXL is indelible. Virtually every selection on the PXL THIS program evidences an undeniable charm and talent. Definitely an eye opener experience." Hoberman wrote, "The ultimate in people's video."

PXL THIS FIVE is now accepting entries. The rules are the same every year. Submissions must be shot with PXL 2000 camera, but not exclusively & entered on VHS tape at SP (2 hour) speed. Do not send original masters, no returns. All genres accepted. Deadline for entry August 22 1995. For more information, please send a SASE to:

Gerry Fajka
CLAP OFF THEY GLASS
2427 1/2 Glynden Ave
Venice, CA 90291 5004
710-306-7130

"It is possible to do more with less" Buckminster Fuller

MY DEAD BROTHER SHAVES HIS LEGS

3mins/Video

A Todd Shawn Film



Utilizing stereotypical exaggeration as its primary attempt at entertainment, *My Dead Brother Shaves His Legs* plays like a high school film project produced by a 1.5 GPA football jock taking the class as an elective. The plot revolves around a self proclaimed casanova named Joey who tries to teach his dorky younger brother, Mikell, to be a lady's man, not knowing his

younger brother is gay. The film attempts to be humorous with scenes like the older brother globbing on cologne or by using up gay stereotypes like funny clothing, silly voices, and Tinkerbell walks.

Don't be mistaken, though. My complaint is not that the film is politically incorrect because being non-PC is actually a plus in my book. The problem is that the humor is not only unoriginal but wouldn't be funny even if it was. The only instance even remotely fresh was the sexual reference: "She would have juggled your eggs until they were scrambled."

In addition to bad humor, the video becomes quite confusing at numerous points with its unclear transitions, not helped by the fact that the two brothers are played by a single actor (who also scripted and directed). The video tries to have twists and turns, but they are usually too sudden, too extreme, and/or too ridiculous.

Furthermore, there are parts in which the sound goes from normal to barely audible to blaring within mere moments, making the viewers only anticipation that of when to raise or lower the volume. While independent filmmaking is a noble endeavor, *My Dead Brother Shaves His Legs* attempts to squeeze blood from a turnip by exaggerating stereotypes long since drained dry.

—DJ

DOMINANS

38mins/Video

A Steen Schapiro/Danish Film Institute

FILM THREAT VIDEO



First we had pop phenomena such as Betty Page and Madonna exposing the unsuspecting general public to the exotically fringe world of S/M

Together, they sorta softened up the beaches, so to speak, for the more serious studies of this forbidding lifestyle which we are now being exposed to.

Documentaries such as Steen Schapiro's provocative, and subtly erotic, *Dominans* signifies the next step in this subculture's efforts to garner respectability.

In his follow-up to the acclaimed (see last issue) *Mistress of the Rings*—and the second film in Schapiro's intended trilogy of sexual subcultures—the Big Scandinavian sets his camera on a group of Danish S/M practitioners who expound on how they perceive S/M and what the lifestyle means to them. These various talking heads are intercut with, or occasionally superimposed over, scenes of them participating in their various forms of play.

It's all very tastefully and elegantly done and its subject matter is treated with uncharacteristic and long overdue seriousness. (The best part? It's funded, at least in part, by the Danish Government! Hee, hee, hee... are you reading this, Jesse Helms?). For those interested in bondage and S/M, the film is reassuring in that the interviewees speak primarily of love, trust, comfort and security—even while flailing the hell out of each other. Still, while the film may provide some psychological succor to those intrigued by the S/M lifestyle (Yeah! I'm not a vicious pervert!), the visual emphasis on hardware, i.e. heavy leather restraints, chains, clamps, cuffs, straps, whips and exotic costumes, has to make S/M seem hopelessly intimidating to any potential newcomers.

Oh, well. This is a documentary, it doesn't pretend to be a primer course. I found myself to be more educated in,

IN PRINT

Zine reviews by
Dominic Griffin



BLACK MARKET

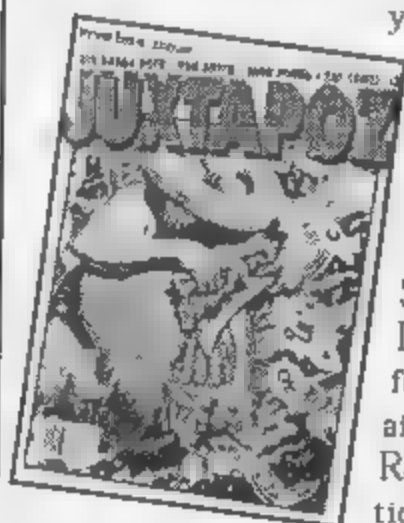
405 W. Washington #212
San Diego, CA 92103

With a very busy layout, San Diego's *Black Market* is a lifestyle magazine for the underground. All the bases are covered here: Cartoons, music, film, occasional drug references—not to mention lots of foul language. Editor and publisher Carl Schneider has formed his own street gang with this mag and it

seems its membership is growing. All the

stories are written from a "personal" viewpoint—which allows Schneider to fit plenty of opinions (on a variety of subjects from censorship to Mickey Rourke's declining career) into his work. In this particular issue, death rockers Marilyn Manson are interviewed, *SFW* director, Jeferey Levy as is Mr. Las Vegas (aka Wayne Newton. Alone, this makes the mag worth acquiring) You won't get hard hitting interviews from *Black Market* but

you will get informative, lengthy and oft entertaining Q&A's. A good mag with lots of potential.



JUXTAPOZ

1303 Underwood Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94124

It's a lofty goal that *Juxtapoz*, a beautifully-crafted, full color glossy 'zine, is aiming for. According to publisher Robert Williams' editorial, his publication is an "Art Magazine"—which usually spells trouble from the get go. However,

as Williams explains, the ground that *Juxtapoz* covers has more to do with cool comix than melting fish. Superbly designed, the first issue has a killer story about *ZAP* magazine and acclaimed (unfortunately, also "the late") surf-artist Rick Griffin. Funnily enough, one of the many original photos in the story depicts mega wealthy *Simpsons/Life In Hell* cartoonist Matt Groening waiting in line to get an autograph from legendary cartoonist R. Crumb. Other stories focus on pinstriping and digi art. Art mags have been notoriously boring, but not *Juxtapoz*. It's informative and entertaining. You may want to jump on this one early before everyone discovers it

SUBCULTURE

PO Box 17409

Chicago IL 60617-0409

From Chicagoian publisher Richard Rozek comes a regional music 'zine with a slight difference. Whilst 'zines usually stick to local unsigned talent, this mag goes a little further. Sure, it covers regional bands, but it also isn't afraid to give press to bigger acts like Danzig, Slayer



and alike. On the humor side, they've got Der Shockmeister's column whom we suspect is really Richard. After dissing on the Page/Plant tour, Shockmeister offers advice on upcoming shows and commentary on the business, all infused with bits of humor. Of particular interest in his column was a news piece that apparently the national press chose to miss. According to *Subculture*, The Rolling Stones recently helped tie Winnie Mandela's knickers in a twist. Apparently, the wanna-be politician was upset when Mick and Keef had the audacity to hire a white promoter when in South Africa. However, as Shockmeister points out, the real reason may have been that Winnie's daughter has decided to become a rock promoter and The Stones had the cheek not to endorse her career choice. Other columnists include music advice from an attorney whose specialty includes entertainment and personal injury. (Make up your own punchline) Apart from the news print ink left all over my hands, a very enjoyable read

ECCO

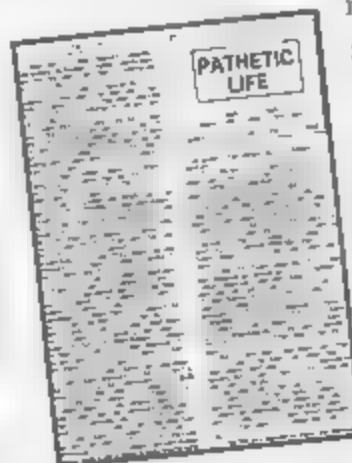
PO 65742

Washington DC, 20035

Is there really room out there for publication dedicated to underground cinema? I mean, c'mon, a bunch of films produced by kids who couldn't raise any money and/or couldn't afford film school? While it's a risky market, *Ecco* publisher Charles Kilgore is still giving it a shot. Printed on snazzy white paper with a dash of red on the cover, issue #20 features a Q&A with Jacob Young, director of *Dancing Outlaw* plus a scathing review of FTV's *The Best of the NYU* video. For sure, Kilgore is knowledgeable about the scene. However underground cinema shouldn't be critiqued or alluded to without a healthy dollop of humor—which this particular issue seems to be short of. Remember, these films are made for entertainment value only. Also, maybe there could



more feature stories and less Q&A's. But still, if you can make your way through the layout, you may come across a film or two in *Ecco* that FTVG hasn't covered. Good effort.



PATHETIC LIFE

24 Ellis St. #141 S.F. CA 94102

Sub-titled *Diary Of A Fat Slob*, the name is very apt. For only \$3 you can

enjoy the diary of a pathetic fat slob named

Doug. Literally, all this xeroxed publication (it's not really a genuine magazine—rather it's 20 pages of type stapled together) is a day-to-day diary of Pathetic Doug. No pictures. Just type. However, it sounds much worse than it actually is. Self-deprecation sure beats arrogance. And there's something strangely engrossing about its voyeuristic qualities. Read as Doug gets ignored at work by friends and shunned by women he tries to bed. Plus it's peppered with reviews of any of the fifteen movies this loser sees in a week. Every daily entry is book-ended with a quote from a literary giant (like Samuel Beckett), which act as metaphors for Doug's miserable existence. Very funny stuff. **ITV**

interested and aroused by, understanding of and less judgmental about S&M and its devotees than I was before I saw *Dominans*. That's a successful film on anyone's score-card

—Merle Bertrand

See feature story on pg 44

JESCO GOES TO HOLLYWOOD! DANCING OUTLAW II

30mins/Video

Another Jacob Young Documentary



From the hills of Boone County, West Virginia comes Jesco White, a backwoods, white-trash, Elvis impersonating, clog dancer who claims the moniker, The Dancing Outlaw. As country line-dancing and white trash cinema have made a unexpected mark on the media, Jesco has supposedly emerged a cult figure in dysfunctional homes stretching as far away as Hollywood. In fact, Jesco's overpriced (\$40) debut video struck a chord with, then-couple, Tom and Rosanne Arnold (speaking of dysfunctional), inspiring the pair to bring Jesco to California for a cameo on *Rosanne*. Jesco, and producer Jacob Young, seized the opportunity by getting Tom Arnold to partially fund *Jesco Goes to Hollywood: The Dancing Outlaw II*, a documentary of Jesco's trip to Hollywood for his TV appearance.

Though on the surface a conceptual question mark, the video actually captivates the viewer to a degree in a struggle to determine whether Jesco is acting or possibly just chemically-imbalanced. At first, Jesco's persona seems to be a camera-ready, over-exaggeration of his weird interests

(Elvis, clogging, etc.), but certain events in the video question this idea. For example, a swastika tattoo on Jesco's hand offends the devoutly Jewish Arnolds, and Jesco sincerely responds that he doesn't know what it means. To Jesco, the swastika was merely an unknown sign that was tattooed on his hand while in jail while high on lighter fluid—the latter of which possibly explains Jesco's off beat actions. Still, the video does have one exceptionally funny and ironic moment. When the documentary finally reaches the set of the *Rosanne* show, Tom Arnold tells the studio audience why Rosanne could never divorce him' across Rosanne's butt is a tattoo that says "Property of Tom Arnold." Tom might even have been telling the truth considering her ass is large enough to fit all those letters.

—DJ

See feature story on pg 54

PSYCHEDELIC GLUE SNIFFIN' HILLBILLIES

30mins/Super 8

Face Attack Films



When faced with a film that features hallucinogenics as subject matter, it becomes a temptation to simply write it off as being only appreciated under the effects of said stimuli. Still, consider this harsh reality. The entertainment value of *anything* improves under the influence of a controlled substance. Try *Yentl* on a livestock dosage of butorphanol and you'll see what I mean. *Psychedelic Glue Sniffin' Hillbillies* (heretofore referred to as *PGSH* due to the length and stupidity of the title) is a non-narrative, exper-

imental pseudo documentary with an exceptional soundtrack that attempts to stir red neck punk and acid cultures into a hellbroth of noise and fury...altogether, not a bad goal.

Unfortunately, Baltimore filmmaker Craig Smith could use a second, maybe a third, edit to get this thing into a watchable state. Yes, the interview, or monologue, of the staggering badass in dire need of upper bridgework was funny—when I could make out syllables between the slurring drawl. And, yes, the found footage was well used, especially the Brandon/Brenda porno stuff. And, no, I didn't even mind the silly interludes with the glue-sniffing monsters or the twisted country western songs, but *PGSH* seems to suffer from what can only be described as an inferiority complex. Smith seems to be content to let his creation wander aimlessly through half-assed pop culture references and tiresome visual filler. Maybe charting a path through "psyched-out rural USA" before one leaves might be a useful consideration. I mean, just because they're West Virginia hicks doesn't mean these people can't provide something other than video wallpaper for the next art school party.

—Jay Hollinsworth

THE COP THAT WOULDN'T DIE

12 mins/Video

An Adam Stradlin Film



Ever wonder how old you have to be to make a half decent 12 minute "epic"? Well writer, director, actor and stunt man extraordinaire Adam Stradlin shows us—at

the ripe age of 16—in his absurdly gruesome debut, *The Cop That Wouldn't Die*. Why do I call this an epic? Perhaps because it never seems to end? Or rather because a cop goes through more physical abuse than even the Terminator could withstand

It all begins when Johnny Law stops two punks for a traffic violation. As he asks for their license, the British rastafarian driver shoots him in the chest. The torture continues as he gets run over by their truck, hit with a small bomb, impaled by a parking meter, and worked on by paramedics who irreverently accuse him of ruining their lunch by getting blood all over them. Can he endure much more torment? Of course. But not for long. Because as the parking meter protruding through his stomach finally expires, so does he.

The best part of Stradlin's infantry filmmaking is his use of exaggerated special effects and lack of linear continuity, making this short quite humorous. In *The Cop That Wouldn't Die* Stradlin definitely shows what a 16-year old kid can do with lots of blood capsules and Krazy glue but minus the special effects wizardry of Stan Winston.

—Claire Carney

Filmmaker Stradlin shared his 'First Film' story with us in issue #12

TWISTED CREEP: MAKING DERANGED 2

120mins/Video

Moore Video



This tape was an insult. An irritating, stupid, useless, BORING insult that was also deceitful. Concocted by Michael P. Moore, (founder of Moore Video, the distributor

BE

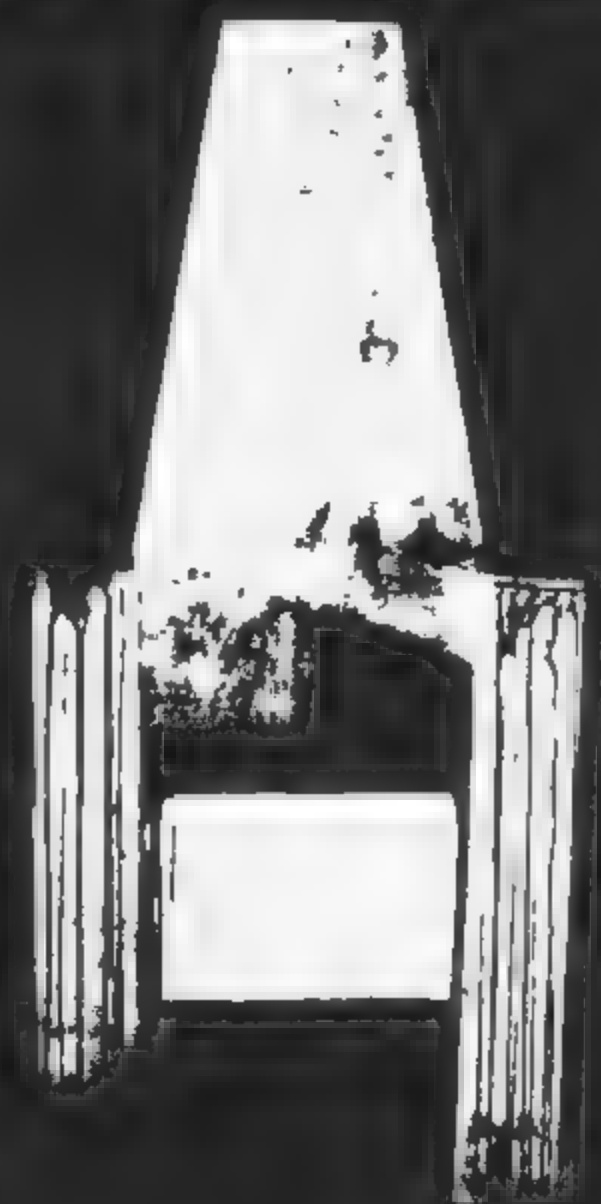
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KING CRAZY

In Melissa Jenkins' *Me And The King*, Lawrence Monoson portrays a very sad Elvis impersonator who finds himself the subject of ridicule and arrest.

by Paul Zies

THE BUILDING HE LEFT ALMOST twenty years ago has probably been torn down and he definitely hasn't drawn a breath since he kissed the green bathroom tiles at Graceland eighteen years ago. Nevertheless, you'll be sure to find that everyone from Mother Theresa to the Ayotollah still idolizes the King of Rock n' Roll, Elvis Presley. *Me And The King* portrays the sad existence of a young man (inspired in part by Alice Miller's book *Drama of a Gifted Child*) from Mississippi brought up to believe that his purpose was to pay homage to Elvis Presley nightly at a backwoods bar.

A dominated nerd in his every day life, Elvis P. Jeeter (a superb Lawrence Monoson), walks the earth with a bad haircut, pants his mother bought him and just enough sense to breathe in and out. When he reports to his uncle's bar for work and slips into the supply room/Elvis Presley shrine, we see the transformation begin.

Director, Melissa Jenkins takes an ostensibly perverse and dull process and turns it into a vicarious magical experience that rivals the best scenes from *Tootsie*. The respect and level of total reverence this kid gives to the King comes through like a screwdriver in your spleen. Every action is saturated with "the glory" of the King, while it appears harmless, one quickly realizes just how sick Elvis P. Jeeter's *homage* has become. He's got it all going on amongst the boxes of beer and cleaning supplies, much like Freddy Kreuger's boiler-room horror chamber. Jeeter lights candles, prepares his hands and face with holy water, listens to Elvis gospel tunes while applying his theatrical 'burns, chest hair and eye liner—becoming Elvis Aaron Presley. At least in his mind. And that is scary.

He's a skinny guy singing—in a horrible voice mind you—and he's wearing a skin tight, white studded Vegas jump suit. I'd normally realize that something was definitely wrong with that picture, but, sadly, I was enthralled. Elvis P. Jeeter lets it all hang out for his uncle, a couple of guys playing pool and his female childhood friend that are his nightly audience. As suddenly as it all began so does it all end each evening. Little Elvis' uncle pulls the plug after about half-way through his scheduled performance.

So why does Jeeter do it? Why swim through the same fifty yards of raw sewage

night after night only to find that the light at the end of the tunnel is an illuminated sign that reads, NO EXIT? That's what he knows—it's all that he can become.

After Jeeter's father passed on, his mother took her psychopathic fascination with Elvis Presley and burned it into the boy's brain. He was dressed in Elvis jackets (shown through montage style flash backs of Jeeter as a boy), beaten up by kids for carrying an Elvis lunch box, kept away from girls because it would defile the image of the King and told over and over again that he was God's living tribute to the King of Rock n' Roll.

One night, three dames wander into The King's Hideaway bar—which Uncle Ben sees as an opportunity. He encourages Elvis P. to put on his best show and keeps the ladies happy with plenty of highballs. Opportunity knocked then rang the bell as Uncle Ben decided that it would be a good time to try

and get Elvis P. "all shook up" with one or all three of these corn-fed beauties. Uncle Ben leaves early that night and lets Elvis P. finish his show, a first that ultimately leads to the last. They converged on him tearing his jump suit, smearing his eye liner, and defiling the image of the King in his heart forever.

Beaten and shaken, Elvis P. found no sympathy in his Uncle Ben; rather, the word got out that his tribute was Wilcox, Mississippi's answer to The Stud Express. Much like Colonel Tom Parker sold Elvis Presley's ass out to the highest bidder on a nightly basis, Uncle Ben prostitutes Elvis P. and his tribute in an effort to pump up business. In an attempt to try and repair the image of the King, Jeeter decides to press charges and finds himself in court facing the three women and the entire Wilcox community.

As in any good script, our hero learns something about himself, meets with all kinds of opposition and ultimately ends up having a change of heart. *Me and The King* is indeed a very well put together film. The photography was superlative and lent itself to the energy involved in bringing the character of Elvis P. Jeeter to life. Like the phoenix emerging from the flames he sets off into the world leaving Wilcox, Mississippi and the UFO/Elvis abduction theories behind him to be dirt on someone else's blue suede shoes. **TVG**



of the legendary 1974 horror schlocker *Deranged*), this mess is *not*, as advertised, a chronicle of the making of the ultra-low budget, shot on-video-sequel, *Deranged 2*.

What it is, is Moore documenting just *one night's* shooting of *Deranged 2* in a convenience store, intercut with three segments of outside "publicity" concerning the principals involved in this sequel; an *A Current Affair* piece on star Kathy Willets, a Public Access-like interview with director Mike Ritter, and a news report on performance artist Dika, who plays a part in the film.

There's absolutely nothing to this tape! No interviews with cast or crew, no documenting the process of making the film, nothing but this one stupid night of shooting. It's as if Moore picked up his camcorder and shot the evening's events in "Mom-Cam", (so named after my Mother who, at my Brother's wedding, inadvertently left her camcorder running as she dangled it uselessly by her side while she proceeded from conversation to conversation. Twenty minutes of wildly gyrating swish pans and footage of relatives' hips later, Mom-Cam was born). All Moore then had to do was slap a label and box on the tape and sell it to unsuspecting customers.

Near the end of this torture, during the night's wrap, someone remarked that the shoot had lasted four hours. This tape lasted two. I'm sure glad Moore cut out the boring parts!

Moore Video should be ashamed of themselves for trying to sell this rip-off crap.

—MB

BOTHERED/THE STRANGE CASE OF EZRA BUMBLE

30mins/16mm

A Herb Henderson Film



Bothered describes itself as "a stark, brooding piece of psychological horror" about "a man slowly being driven over the edge." Yeah, right. It comes on like *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* but writer/director, Herb Henderson, ends up giving us a dead mother in law joke that's about as suspenseful as a Pam pers commercial. I preferred the accompanying featurette, *The Strange Case of Ezra Bumble*, about a maladjusted young man who gets his rocks off by killing prostitutes on Friday nights. His co worker, Bob, finds out about this nasty little proclivity and the price of his silence is one night of gay sex per killing, much to Ezra's disgust. I laughed like a drain in this one, even though Henderson fluffs the ending. Shit, maybe *Bothered* was a comedy too! It was so bad, I just assumed I wasn't supposed to laugh, but laugh I did.

—John Patterson

INTO YOUR GUTS

2mins/Video

Chaim Bianco



Described by creator Chaim Bianco (the man responsible for *The Pope Of Utah*) as "A wild apocalyptic ride through the grim future of organ transplants," *Into Your Guts* appears to have great potential, though I can only give it the most minimal review as the screening copy supplied to yours truly has but a paltry

two-minute excerpt from the complete 23 minute opus. The 120 seconds I was allowed to see however, did not fail to impress. The clip featured "Perfekt News", a bizarre, ersatz futuristic newscast (circa 2040AD) done in that hedonistic *Blade Runner/Clockwork Orange* vein. The broadcast showcases, through nifty video and computer spfx, the latest in twenty first century scientific invention such as "Pre-B-TV" (i.e. pre-birth-television) where a 1" womb-installed video monitor provides viewing pleasure of the fetus; "Video-Toob; installed via any of your courtesy holes", and mini-cameras in your 9 major organs so you can keep track of just what the devil is going on inside yourself (fun for all you Hollywood-types rotting away from the gizzard out, both physically and morally). Thematically the vision of the hellish, dissolute, far flung future is nothing strikingly original, but according to the Greeks there was nothing new under the sun over two thousand years ago, so what chance did the filmmaker ever really possess to begin with.

I love good sci-fi as much as the next geek, and this appears as if it could be some of it.

Quality production, scatological humor, and some interesting ideas. Let's hope Mr Chaim Bianco, didn't stray too far from the lovely two minute clip with his other, as promised on the box, twenty one. If this be the case, he's surely got a winner on his hands. I recommend this to all sci-fi and computer graphics dweebs wholeheartedly.

—Scott Russo

TERROR TAPE

20mins/Video

Randall Philip

Broadcasting



You can just tell that the dreary asshole who put this tape together has an incredibly tiny penis, and as a child, he probably had far too close a relationship with his own feces. *Terror Tape* is a magazine style documentary/compendium of tedious how much can you-take-type nastiness. It has all the visual quality of a 15th generation porno-loop transfer. In one especially unpleasant sequence, a rat-faced little creep hires a pregnant hooker and verbally abuses her for 15 minutes, calling her a "cunt", "a pig" and so on, generally giving the viewer the impression that he's not really in touch with his, uh, feminine side. Another consists of images of elderly and retarded people and some pretty sphincter-tightening operation footage. On the soundtrack, a voice urges us to exterminate the weak of the species for the benefit of the strong. Not a trace of irony in the whole piece.

Basically, each section highlights something nasty and rubs our nose in it. Gee, impress me again.

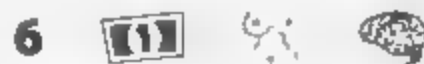
If it's for real, then these people are moronic Nazis; if it's a put-on, then it's merely the waste by-product of the First Amendment.

—JP

MONDO ATLANTA

50mins/Video

Kiljoy Productions



Let me rant for a moment. The word "mondo" should not be used to modify any noun

(besides, the word itself is an Italian noun, meaning "world"). This practice of borrowing is both lazy and trite. The same goes for the French adjective "trés." It's very pretentious and very annoying. Let's master our own language before getting hip and flowery and borrowing words from another (especially from the French). That's not to say I didn't like *Mondo Atlanta*—on the contrary—I just thought the title was a cop-out.

Hugh Meade and Stephanie Evans, the creators of this off-beat travelogue, are tired of outsiders thinking of their fair metropolis as just the "Home of the Braves", a Six Flags host city, and the site of the 1996 Summer Olympics. They'd rather you see the part of Atlanta that doesn't suck.

A self described "quick, raw peek beneath the veneer of Southern gentility", *Mondo Atlanta* takes us to all those cool, hard-to-reach places, nooks, crannies, and other areas that the Georgia Board of Tourism would rather visitors not see. From the virtual catacombs of Oxford Books, one of the East Coast's coolest book stores, to the best places to eat, to the best places to be a freak (like the seedy, yet alluring, Club Fetish), *Mondo Atlanta* shows all the finer points of this cool Southern city's "alternative scene". God, there's another word I abhor—but don't get me started, I'll start riffing on how bland I think Eddie Vedder is and how Kurt Cobain was a big doof for fel-lating that high-caliber firearm.

Mondo Atlanta is an entertaining and informative look at the city that boasts 52 streets named "Peachtree" and a highway (I 285: "The Perimeter") that circles the city (those wacky Southern city

REVIEWS

planners). There were a couple of irksome items, though, other than the title. The sound editing was choppy in parts, and the camera effects were a bit overdone. There was also this woman named Bridgette, "The Flower Lady", who was employed as a sort of framing device throughout, offering strangers flowers and asking them why they're not happy. She was quite shrill in tone and her prominently-displayed mammaries were just way too big for any woman who is not 7'2" and 350 pounds (think of a cross between a sickly-sweet Rosanne and the over-endowed Hollywood icon Angelyne).

The 50 minutes of *Mondo Atlanta* was culled from over 18 hours of footage, though 18 hours doesn't seem like enough. Some of the bits felt too scripted, like the different guides were using a list of places they had to go and

things they had to say about those places. Rather than pre-picking people to extol the virtues of a particular Atlanta landmark, accosting random folks on the street guerrilla style might have added more of an air of spontaneity. Though these little things weren't major detractors, they did derail me long enough to want to write them down and pick nits about them later.

I learned enough from this film that I could find my way around Atlanta and be adequately fed and entertained. Right now, I can't think of a reason to go to Atlanta (other than to see a Braves game, visit Six Flags, or to see the Olympic Games in '96), but if I did, my hour watching was well-spent.

—Spiney Norman

OUTSIDE OF WINTERS BEND

120mins/Super-8

The Misty Falls Motion Picture Co.



This is a partially well-acted and beautifully filmed story of a bunch of lost, uninspired, sappy, sniveling, suburban high school students who get whinnier as the film progresses.

Initially a fairly happy group of friends, their lives are torn apart as one of the group (Derek) is severely burned in a freak electrical accident that reduces him both physically and mentally to a pile of underdone beef. Because he can't deal with his new look, Burn Boy runs away to live alone in a cabin in the woods. And in his absence, an apparent friend attempts to seduce his girlfriend. When it rains, it certainly shits on you.

Living amongst the shrubs and rodents like Grizzly Adams, Burn Boy becomes a drunken zombie, looking more and more like a combination of Robert Smith of the Cure and a pork loin under a heat lamp as the days pass. He lives alone, paints tortured pictures, sculpts and drinks beer. (Hey, I think this filmmaker stole my story...)

Talk about selfish, Burn Boy's father then decides to drop dead of a heart attack. The friend who previously tried to woo Burn Boy's woman attacks her after his own girlfriend dumps him for cheating before attacking Burn Boy and another friend—then drives over a cliff and dies.

Shocking.

The Misty Falls Motion Picture Company's motto is "The talent behind the independents." As soon as I read this I felt a sinking sensation in my gut, because anyone whoever makes

outright claims as to their talent and quality of work, has neither. As I began to watch the film, I thought maybe Misty Falls was indeed the talent behind the independents, but the longer the tape ran on, the more typical the film became: dopey dialogue, unbelievable character actions (due to lack of or poor character development), and a crummy resolution. I liken *Outside of Winters Bend* to a good piss; beginning with a strong, pleasing, warm, tingly sensation, and ending up dribbling disappointingly all over the toilet seat, the carpet, and your shorts.

The only thing particularly compelling about this film was the horrific scenes of Derek's burned face. Waking up in the morning, your cheek glued to your pillow with blood and pus, seems quite unpleasant and I'm glad it's something I've yet to experience.

What a horribly depressing film. To have to watch this poor boy bleed and pick at his charred face was simply unpleasant. Why Mr. Johnson couldn't make a happy picture about clowns or sodomy is simply beyond me.

—SR

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festering radiation sores? Why do they need money? And why did I see moving cars (none of them burning or careening off the road) in the background? Where are the atomic mutations—the cockroaches riding bicycles and eating Twinkies? I'm sure you made *The Gift* with little or no money (I know it was an assignment for a class) but you could have at least made the effort to convince me a little more (The "no dialogue" stipulation, I'm sure, was a hindrance to exposition) Had it not been for the compulsory "Submit To Us" form, I would have thought that your film was about an attractive young woman from a really shitty neighborhood (or downtown Beirut) bent on making this guy she likes, eat an apple that she found in the river while meditating. I don't know you from Adam so please don't take this

criticism personally. Don't let one bad review discourage you. Tell yourself, "He's just one guy—he don't know shit," if it'll make you feel better. I do know that if you make enough films, though, you're bound to get it right eventually.

—SN

WAITING FOR THE MAN

90Mins./35mm

Covert Creative Group

8   

There is a new genre on the movie scene—the anti-buddy film—and John Covert has created and defined it with his superb hyper-violent crime thriller, *Waiting For The Man*.

A Chicago crime family is thrown into upheaval when its patriarch, Frank Martel, is executed two days before Christ-

mas. His ineffectual long-absent son Andrew (Covert) tries to step in and preserve his father's name, and clashes with Frank's bodyguard, Lindsey McQueen (John Harriman). Though they've known each other since childhood, Andrew and Lindsey despise one another, but regardless of their differences, they try to unite and battle such external forces such as undercover Federal agents, rival bosses, and others intent on exposing or dissolving the Martel cartel.

The battle is a turbulent and bloody one. With as much action and viscera as the likes of (tamer) Woo films and *Killing Zoe*, *Waiting For The Man* also brags the taut and effective drama that so many other films forsake for car chases, needless sex and other "production values." Covert's first film, the amazing *The Blind Lead*, blended its action and drama together in an almost seamless mix.

He has a cast of professionals to back him up, particularly Harriman. His Lindsey is the emotional center of the film. Playing the tortured soul as a sort of dark and brooding James Dean/River Phoenix type, Harriman really impresses. He wrote the play on which Covert's *The Blind Lead* was based on (in it, he played the emotionally-bereft Johnny Boy, as well). This man knows drama, and he knows how to act.

The title refers to modern society's apparent lack of positive male role models, particularly how the film's two lead characters don't have anyone other than a Mafia don to mimic when it comes to making decisions of spirit and conscience. It's also a jab at Catholics, who've been "waiting for the man" for 2000 years. "I can't identify to you what a man is anymore," says

Covert. "I mean, look at our fucking president. It's like 'What is a man these days?'" He speaks the truth. I don't know the answer, either.

To compare Covert to someone like Quentin Tarantino would be a disservice to Covert. I'm not yet convinced that the "creator" of *Reservoir Dogs* and the much-lauded *Pulp Fiction* is anything more than a fluke at this time. Remember how last Paul Hogan's one-trick Mick got old? I am convinced, though, that Covert's talent and dedication (he financed *Waiting* with his own savings, for Chrissakes) will earn and keep him in favor in movie circles. He's certainly earned my support, as *Waiting For The Man* has my recommendation.

Next up from Covert and company, *That Darned Anti Christ*, a comedy from the nationally known Annoyance Theater. Whatever the project Covert and his growing team of regulars promise to make it exceptional. I urge you to check this guy out before, A) he plays at Cannes and won't speak to us jobs or B) I am accused of brown nosing (really, this guy's good, and I have nothing to gain by saying so).

S

TORTURED SOUL II IKE AND MIKE

76mins/Video

Nightmare Productions & Arkham Film

2   

Our good friends at *Alternative Cinema* ran a Pro-Con piec a few months ago on whether carn corder movies were good or evil. *Tortured Soul II* is a perfect example of why I strongly agree with the "evil" point of view.

This "movie" was laughable. Only because I have to, here's the plot: serial killer

brothers Steve and Ike killed Mike's girlfriend. Mike tracks them down, kills them both, but gets accused of her death. He gets off due to lack of evidence but he must try to stop Ike—mysteriously resurrected from the dead somehow and haunted by Steve's voice in his head—from killing his sister. Ho-bleedin'-hum

Let's see, we had horrible acting by all concerned, terrible photography (like most camcorder crap, they apparently set the focus and exposure on automatic and called it good enough. *Cops* is shot better!), and JUVENILE "special" effects. I'll be honest. This tape was so dull and unimaginative that I'm having a difficult time getting inspired to write anything beyond a limp generic review. And it didn't help that Michael W. Johnson and Kevin K. Smith, the two gentlemen we have to thank for this garbage, showed no less than thirteen minutes of previews of their other equally awful-looking titles before this stinker even got started

The problem with camcorder movies is that literally anyone can pick up a camera and call him/herself a filmmaker and that's an insult to people who actually make films—even bad ones. It's very simple, folks. Don't buy crap like this and the well will dry up. I promise.

—MB

THE KILLING OF BOBBY GREENE

90mins/16mm/Color
One By One Film & Video



Director Mick McCleery seems to have bitten off a bit more than an audience can chew with this unintentional hilariously flick.

Killing follows the troubled life of Ray Sterling (McCleery), a kid whose father was thrown into the clink by the father of his classmate Bobby Greene (Chris Gallo), after being caught stealing money from him. In jail, Ray's dad kills himself. Blaming Bobby for his father's death, Ray decides to play a deadly joke on the Master Greene.

Along his anti-social path, Ray manages to get all of his friends involved. They don't seem to realize how bad their actions are until it is too late. The audience however, should pick up on the film's worthlessness much earlier.

The climax is hardly surprising. In fact, the whole film is reminiscent of an "After-School-Special" on peer pressure. One can't help but laugh at the sheer stupidity that comes out of the kid's mouths

The best part about *Killing* is in its sincerity. The acting, while atrocious, is fairly entertaining. You gotta wonder whether anyone associated with film actually realized during its production they were contributing to such crap.

If there is one shining aspect of *The Killing of Bobby Greene*, it would be that Bobby Greene is dead, and should never again be the focus of a pointless teen-in-trouble film like this. If you enjoy crap for the sake of crap, this would still only get a 3

—Jim Bartoo

FOR ART'S SAKE

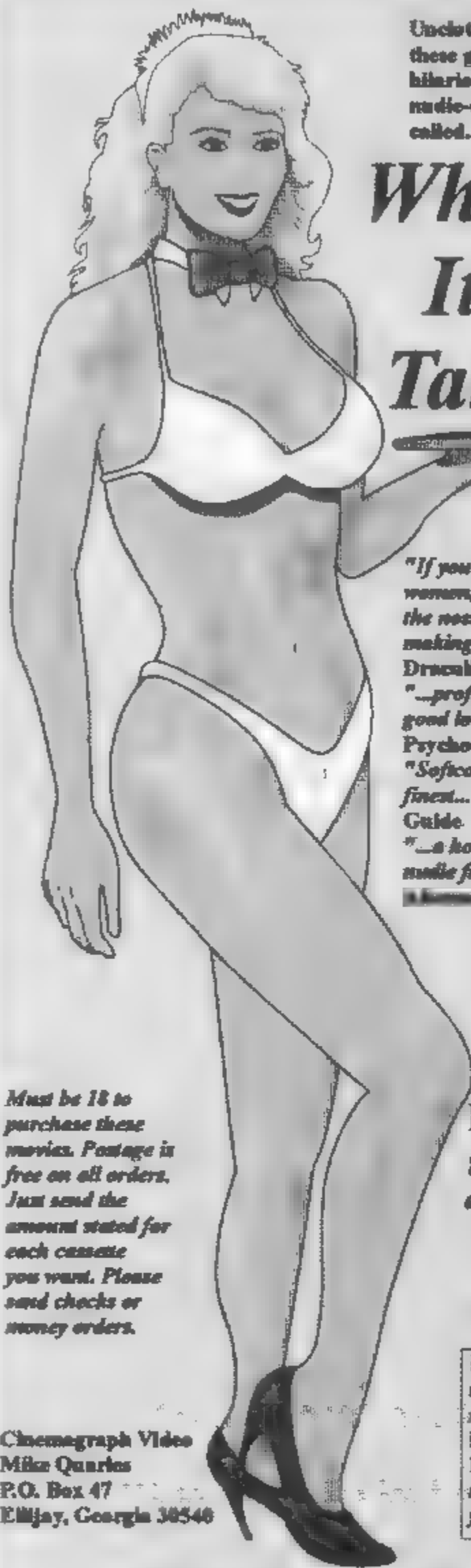
15mins/16mm/B&W
A Richard Simon Chung Works



Rarely does a filmmaker on such a tight budget deliver the goods as seamlessly as director Richard Simon Chung does in this 15 minute piece.

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REVIEWS

Shot in grainy black and white by Nick Mendoza, Chung's film follows the pursuit of a former cutting edge artist, Helena Bergman (Susanna Voltaire), by an eccentric collector (Koli Cutler). After fleeing the art scene several years earlier, Bergman lives her life in desolate isolation, creating some rather disturbing creatures (designed by artist Greg Weber) to pass the time.

When Cutler's character of Arthur Louis tracks her down to her hideaway, she is caught off guard. While claiming to be a mere art dealer interested in obtaining some of her work, it is clear that he has other motives, not the least bit positive.

Though the piece is short and not terribly challenging to follow, Chung's characters are

extremely intriguing and fun to watch. The cinematography is quite superb and ultimately charges our interest to see where the eerie images are taking us. Panning shots of deserted highways, though anything but fresh, seem aesthetically superior to the majority of them.

If *For Art's Sake* is any true indication of Chung's filmmaking abilities, there will be some strong anticipation over his next offering.

—JB

See feature story on pg 40.

DORA SUAREZ

45mins/16mm

BubbleGum Fuck Productions



Sometimes, even the most interesting of concepts can fail.

There are many reasons for this, depending on the content of the said concept. In *Dora Suarez*, directors Michael Tomkins and Nick Abrahams intertwine the narrative of writer Derek Raymond reading from his novel of the same name, with motionless scenery from the story.

Raymond's gravelly voice and battered face tell the murderous tale of Dora Suarez's downfall while various elements of the story flash before our eyes. It is interesting to a point. However, once the riftiness of it has passed, there doesn't seem to be much payoff.

What the viewer ends up with is a potentially interesting way to tell a story that becomes boring in a very few minutes. As Raymond drones on, his image is juxtaposed with a bloody bed. The story just doesn't seem to be able to overcome the void that no action creates.

This probably would have worked if it had merely started with this approach and then led itself into the actual film. However, whatever shortcomings it has, *Dora Suarez* is a solid attempt at creating something special.

Oddly enough, a large chunk of the tape is dedicated to a full length interview with writer Raymond. While interesting to some degree, it comes slightly out of the blue. For fans of his writing though, it will be a welcome surprise.

—JB

continues its rise in popularity, a number of people are getting their chance to practice in music videos. Alternative music is the best shot at being creative and *Dope, Guns and Destroying Your Video Deck #3* has a bunch of tracks to eye while you listen.

Narrated by a twitty little music slut named Dr. Sphincter, *Dope* features video's from such Amphetamine Reptile bands as Helmet (*Unsung*), Guzzard (*Last*), Boss Hog (*Hustler*) and the Melvins (*Honey Bucket*). In between tracks, Sphincter makes jabs at MTV and the video industry in general.

One of the finer points about this compilation comes from the realization that most of, if not all, these videos will never be aired on MTV. If you want to check out the video splendor of Chokebore doing *Coat*, this tape is likely the only way.

Besides all of that, these clips give an opportunity to directors to show what kind of twisted ideas they have running around their malignant heads.

So while music videos may not be the cure of all of life's ills, *Dope* is a highly entertaining chain of music clips and malevolent antics that will keep most viewers on the lookout for installment #4.

JB

BLACK HEART

85 mins/Super 8

A Jim Exton Film



This is actually a pretty awful movie. But at least it is a movie, shot on film with a coherent, if dull and 100% unoriginal, storyline. Given that this is director Jim Exton's first feature, he should take comfort in the fact that it

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is at least a real movie. Hence the 3.

Beyond that, there's not much good I can find with *Black Heart*. The stupidly formulaic plotline centers on Billy, (a creepy-looking Don McCarrens), the generic sadistic serial killer who's brutalizing young women and who just happens to board with a couple of dim-witted soon-to-be-victims.

In the meantime, two melodramatic, angst-ridden bad actors are closing in on Billy in an obsessive, semi annual, revenge-driven quest to exterminate this scourge to "women dumb enough to climb into a strange man's van with a serial killer on the loose." It seems that Billy killed their girlfriends a couple of years ago. And that's it. No twists, turns, surprises, nothing. Nothing but dull horribly acted, (so wooden,

we're talking *lumberyards* here!) plainly shot dialogue scenes and a few poorly executed murder scenes with some half hearted topless-corpse breast fondling thrown in to make it "exploitative." Also tossed in is an extremely choppy sound mix and a soundtrack that, for the most part, could be a commercial for Casio. To wit you've got an extremely unpleasant viewing experience (The sole exception being Shelli Wallace who played Shannen, the soft-hearted but DUMB hostess who foolishly takes Bill in. For some reason, she really got to me. Her acting is questionable and she's certainly not model-thin, but wow, she's sexy!)

To executive producer Chuck Exton, (director Jim's father, I presume), you just paid for a real-life year of film school, which is not necessarily a bad thing. With luck,

Exton's "sophomore" effort will reflect whatever lessons he learned from *Black Heart*

—MB

OFF WHITE

102mins/B&W/Video

Ramcity Filmworks

7 

Ben Ramsey's *Off White* is a film that aspires to illustrate many points; unfortunately the most salient is how wide the gulf between a film's publicity and its execution can be. The following are translations. *Provocative*—willing to bait the viewer into various stages of fear, anger and guilt by shamelessly contrived plot twists. *Erotic*—contains obligatory nude sex scenes with a heavy patina of misogyny. *Bold*—guns.

Ramsey himself plays Mike Isreal, a hotshot TV producer

who also happens (if you haven't guessed by the title, here is the crux of the problem) to be black. Mike desperately wants to leave behind the ghettos of his past for the corporate paradise of white America. One big rung on his ladder to success includes dissing and ditching his girlfriend to fuck a white woman who's engaged to a South African bureaucrat. As the metaphors start to fly we're graced with this kernel of wisdom from Mike's eventual mentor, Ben: "This country's one big beautiful white whore just waiting to get fucked. And, boy, do I have a hard-on!" I'm sure that line is supposed to add to the "controversy" surrounding *Off White* but all the contradictions, double backs and ironies (both intentional and accidental) erode any point beside production value. Well shot, well-paced and polished, *Off*

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FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

I N D E X

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White resembles typical Hollywood fare: interesting to look at but ultimately not worth the hype

—JH

THREE EGGROLLS

20mins/Video

A Frank Crawford Herman Film

6 1

The evil, attractive, tan, smooth-bodied Osmodious has stolen the Sacred Dragon of Shaolin, and the Three Eggrolls must get it back to save the temple and its master from disgrace

Three Eggrolls is cute, entertaining, unpretentious, and best of all, it's just long enough so that it's enjoyable, but not overbearing. The audio track was deliberately put out of sync with the video so it looked like it was one of those cheesy karate flicks we all wasted childhood Sundays watching. One especially humorous aspect of this film is the only person whose voice was in sync with the video was a character who was of Anglo decent, thus implying it is some bizarre, Asian-specific characteristic to have your voice look like it's been poorly dubbed all the time. Another funny and somewhat bizarre item is the Brother Chang character. One third of the Three Eggrolls, Brother Chang is presumably Asian, but has a large afro and speaks like Huggy Bear from *Starsky and Hutch*. Brother Cho has some very strange, undecipherable

accent that sounds like a Brit who has swallowed the Queen, and Brother Lo is the Master of the Flying Ginsu.

Actually working to its advantage, the obvious-

ly super low-budget adds to the film's charm. I found one part particularly funny—an Indian-looking evil disciple of Osmodious is fighting with Brother Chang who locks his nunchaku around the evil Gandhi-poseur's head and squeezes until his brains burst out of his skull like ten pounds of chop meat. The blatantly unashamed amateurism of this scene (it looks like someone stood just out of camera view and literally threw the meat up into Brother Chang's face), and the rest of the film (the actors all seem to laugh throughout the fight scenes) give *Three Eggrolls* an enthusiastic, energetic, delightful sense of naivete. Not that I can't derive pleasure from a beautifully crafted film with a huge budget, (though it's become almost impossible to find one worth a pile of spit these days), but it was pleasing to see a clever parody, original in its own right, done by a couple of guys with no cash.

The final showdown between the Three Eggrolls and Osmodious reveals the Sacred Dragon of Shaolin to be one of those giant Godzilla toys we all had when we were kids, spray-painted gold. Osmodious tries to retain his stolen property, attacking the Three Eggrolls with an electric carving knife. He fails and Brother Chang knocks his head clean off with his nunchaku. Ahh, if life were only this simple.

I should note that uptight

people of lesser humor and misguided political standing might conceivably find this film to be peppered with racist overtones due to its blatant and intentional stereotyping. I however, enjoyed it, understood its humor for what it was, and firmly believe that anyone who disagrees with me is a big snapperhead.

—SR

SPEED RACER: WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF VIC CHESNUTT

60mins./16mm

Dashboard Dog Productions

9

Normally, all the videos that we review come with a description of what it's about but no explanation is necessary for this documentary about musician Vic Chesnutt. Vic

has a style that reminds us of Bob Dylan: All of his songs tell a story.

Peter Silleri, who wrote, directed and produced *Speed Racer*, does an excellent job in depicting Vic's music and life. He intersperses songs and interviews with Vic, his family and his friends. Vic tells stories about his family which are warm and touching yet also kind of funny. During one segment, he talks about how he and his father plotted to kill Frank Lorenzo for taking over Eastern Airlines where Vic's father worked. In their minds, Lorenzo was responsible for everything that was wrong in their lives and they were determined to seek revenge.

Vic by the way, was paralyzed in an accident, though it's never explained how. It's remarkable that he can play the guitar and write such

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INTO ACTION:
Go-Girl shows
El Frenetico her
chops.



unique music. Vic's mom however does a great job explaining how important performing is to Vic. She details how hard he struggled to relearn to play the guitar after his accident.

Sillen has a great ability to show a person on film and make them interesting.

—H&C

THE ADVENTURES OF EL FRENETICO & GO-GIRL

31mins/Video
Amusement Films



Mexican wrestling movies of the '50s were some of the real treats of bad cinema. Now, director Pat Bishow makes a fictional wrestler, El Frenetico, a superhero.

When we meet him, he's an Adam West style, overweight, former superhero—drinking his life away in a Mexican restaurant. Then his sidekick, Go-Girl finds him moping in his yellow and blue silk moron mask. Go-Girl, who must have taken the wrong turn on the way to a John Woo set, has uncovered the plans of the evil

Heinrich Syphon, who has poisoned his company's Krazy Kakes pastries to destroy the world.

El Frenetico and Go-Girl soon fight the purple-suited Syphon and his minions to plenty of *Batman* style action. The sometimes predictable fight choreography is surprisingly well done. Also well done were the special effects where El Frenetico fights off some blue *Outer Limits*-style monsters. This live action version of a story that should appear on MTV's

Liquid Television could have used its title surf music more often and should have poked more fun at El Frenetico, even if he is an easy target.

—AA

LIGHT FUSE GET AWAY/ PURE GRAIN ALCOHOL

35mins/Video
A Tactical Mayhem Production



If you drop some acid and have some time to waste you could probably enjoy the music videos *Light Fuse Get Away* and *Pure Grain Alcohol* that director Ivan Lerner of Tactical Mayhem Video has cobbled together.

The first few minutes seemed interesting enough with stock footage of bombing raids during the Vietnam war, and ants who appeared to be moving to the beat of the music, but after a while it got a little old. The videos would have been a lot better if they were shorter or were more diverse.

At the end of *Light Fuse Get Away*, the songs and

bands are listed in the credits. They are: *Discount Rebellion* by Cop Shoot Cop, *Stop Trying to Tie Me* by Wiseblood and *Right Wrong* by Swans. Inexplicably, the musicians did not get credit in *Pure Grain Alcohol*. Do we smell another case of 'director ripping off talent?' Gosh, we hope not.

Overall the concept was very interesting and it was edited well, but it was just tooooooo long for one sitting. However, if you wanna check out what music video directors are doing to prevent themselves from gaining exposure on mainstream vid-channels, this may just be for you.

—H&C

IMAGES

11mins/16mm/B&W
LSD Films LTD



"I like to smoke marijuana and, on occasion, use LSD," coughs director Jeff Vilencia (*Smush*) in a faux Charles Boyer voice. A confession like that ought to tip off anyone that the following piece should be a bloated disaster in the making. Instead, *Images* avoids all the drug pitfalls. It's also living proof that pot and acid do not destroy the mind. Well, at least Vilencia's mind.

Most of this B&W film stars the longhaired Vilencia and his friend Sean Worsey traveling across animation and pixelation landscapes to Vilencia's non-sequitur narration in which he describes his foot fetish, his views on art and his personal angst. "Like all existentialists, I feel nauseated from time to time." Vilencia deadpans during footage of Mr "No Exit" himself, Jean Paul Sartre.

In between footage of traveling pixelated shapes and clips from films such as *An*

Andalusian Dog, *Images* also features Vilencia's acid-head friend, Starman, who makes paranoid statements such as "Don't you realize that I'm already there before I get there?"

Much of the film comes off as a spoof on mid-century art documentaries which featured stuffy artsy music and gassy French intellectuals. Vilencia overcomes turning himself into a joke by making *Images* a visual companion to John Zorn's music; witty, obscure, confusing and thoroughly enjoyable.

AA

SQUISH

4mins/16mm
Squish Productions



Damn, I was relieved that this was only a little over four minutes. Not even good enough to be criticized as pretentious, *Squish* is Jeff Vilencia's "cinemoem" about love, sex and relationships. I guess, I could understand very little from the fractured syntax and creative punctuation on the back of the tape box. See if you can make this out: "It is a deep response for me about my own sexual feelings in relationship to time and space; and each other." Viewing the thing does little to enlighten.

What transpires on screen are essentially several takes of a giggling bimbo stepping on white grapes, first in bare feet then with stilleto heels. Wow! When will the brilliance end? For those philistines like myself who don't appreciate Vilencia's cinema (or poetry, I guess), the back of the box reveals all his intentions in explicit, if clumsy, detail. Thanks.

—JH

See review of Vilencia's *Smush* for

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Meanwhile detective Ernie Brice, nearing retirement, and his young, brash partner, John "Mo" Mentum, are given the assignment to bring in the Senses Taker. Their job is complicated when conflicting evidence starts to show up. Are they dealing with one killer or two? The two detectives have their hands full dealing with seedy witnesses, surly co-workers and their agitated captain. Ernie and John are in danger of having their careers and their lives cut short. Just one misstep in any direction could result in disaster.

Will the heroes be able to stop the Senses Taker before much more blood is spilled? Or will Simon's grandstanding antics serve to protect the Senses Taker from discovery? Order Dead Meat and find out!

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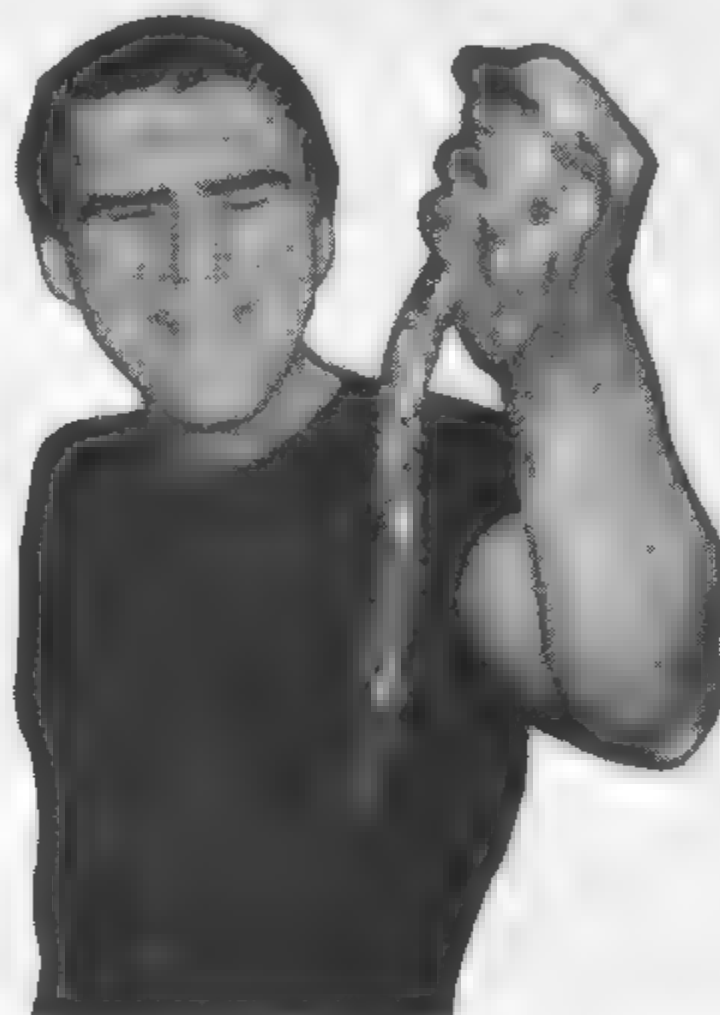
Leif Jonker - Director of *Darkness*

"In the tradition of *Blood Feast* comes an amazingly enjoyable slasher flick in a genre that seems to wallow in self-important boring zombie low-budgeters, it's refreshing to see something obnoxiously simple and fun."

Tom Brown - *Alternative Cinema Magazine*

"The effects are gory, the acting good and Simon played by Nick Kostopoulos was great. If you like serial killer movies, order the pizza, get the beer and give Dead Meat a try."

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REVIEWS

SIKORA'S WALLS: Great performances from David Yow and Paula Killen highlight the show.

Jim Alexander Newberry

an alternate opinion of Valencia's work on pg 13

WALLS IN THE CITY

65mins/Super8
Provisional

8   

New York may have its Kerns and Zedds, but Chicago has Jim Sikora. Best known for his short films from the *Small*

Gauge Shotgun collection, the veteran indie filmmaker from the Windy City has got a real sleeper in *Walls In The City*, his first feature film. While NY folks revel in apocalyptic scenes of rampant and rough sex, drugs, and violence, Sikora's Chicago is a much more somber, gritty and compelling world of quietly desperate white-trash clutching at and rutting with each other in the

night because that's all they've got left.

Billed as a "tryp-tych", (creative license here; a "tryp-tych" is technically a picture or carving in three panels with a central panel and two flanking panels half its size which fold over it), this film examines three separate slices of urban life in each of its three segments. The best of the trio, as you might expect with such a structure, was part II, *Love After the Walls Close In*. This story centered on Harry (Tony Fitzpatrick), an unemployed blue collar guy just released from the hospital with bleeding ulcers, and Madge (Paula

Killen), his alcoholic, unemployed girlfriend.

Adapted by Sikora from Charles Bukowski's short story *Reunion*, this grungy, yet oddly comforting tale says a lot about human needs. Harry and Madge may be broke, sick, drunk, and drive a crappy car but it doesn't seem to matter as long as they have each other to sleep with.

Special mention should be made of Ms. Killen who starred in all three segments; playing liquor-loving wenches in parts I and II, then making a complete departure as a hyper, stressed out, overly-imaginative, and paranoid writer looking for a room in *One Time She Played the B Side*.

Featuring an original soundtrack by the Denison-Kimball Trio, this was a terrific piece of work whose entertainment value looms long after its initial viewing. The picture was dirty and scratchy with a minimalist lighting scheme and shot at a funky rate (probably the 18fps frame speed), all of which added to the feeling that this was a film of substance. A nice switch after reviewing umpteen different bad horror movies. We should all look forward to more work from Jim Sikora.

—MB

SAMURAI BALLET

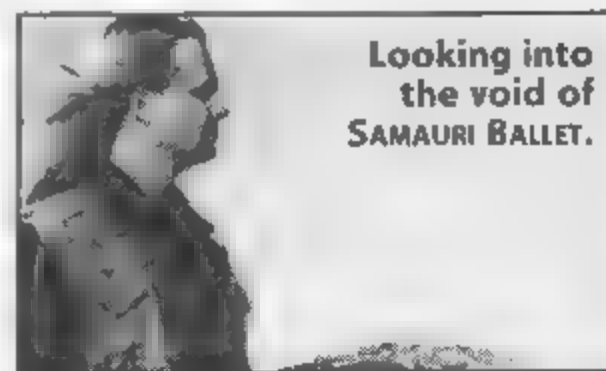
20mins/Super 8

No Mercy Productions

4    

The Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers may very well be responsible for spawning a completely new genre. With a non-existent plot, close your eyes-and-cut editing and a score that bores a hole through your frontal lobe, *Samurai Ballet* joins that ever-growing pack of no-budget cheezfests that I would hope are great entertainment to the cast and crew. To most outside observers, they resemble—at best—a goofy way to waste some time. Scott Shaw, who also wrote, produced and directed, plays Alexander Hell, some kind of detective/Good Guy type whose mission is to beat up zombies who occasionally stumble up from the depths of Hell. Along with his sidekick, Lord Kaga, Hell gets into a series of car chases and sloppily choreographed martial arts fights. For added mea-

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—GG ALLIN

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DEADLY

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT to be both annoying and amusing that on any given weekday, you can stand in line at the post office and find only a handful of disgruntled tellers and a whole bunch of "This Window Closed" signs. But on April 15, Tax Day, the post office practically throws a huge tailgate party on the premises, usually staying open until midnight, so desperate are they for you to file your tax returns and hand over obscene chunks of your hard-earned change.

Perhaps it was this bitter irony, (but probably not), that led multiply-decorated WWII war hero Gordon Kahl to begin his own private war with the IRS and the Federal Government. A war that, according to Jeffrey Jackson's excellent, fascinating and scary documentary *Death & Taxes*, would ultimately lead to the North Dakota farmer's assassination by agents of a Federal Government hell-bent on silencing him once and for all. But did they?

For those of you (like myself), who have never before heard of Gordon Kahl, *Death & Taxes* will introduce you to an incredible, controversial, and multi-layered story. To those familiar with the case, this nearly two hour long documentary weaves together threads of the story from a wide variety of sources on all sides of the controversy, culled from over 100 interviews, Jackson conducted, into a concise yet complex tapestry that's sure to satisfy even the most hardened conspiracy buff. Ultimately, however, even this admirable effort can only scratch the surface of a tale with so many plot twists and turns. In fact, there are so many points of contention, that Gordon Kahl's life and death could easily be a mini-series in its own right.

A GORDON KAHL PRIMER

"The movie is particularly frustrating to me because it's almost like a table of contents to the overall story," laments Jackson, who produced, directed and edited the film. In an

Jeffrey Jackson's scary documentary
DEATH & TAXES gives us more
reasons why we should hate the IRS.

entirely inadequate nutshell, here's Gordon Kahl's tale.

A simple farmer and decorated war hero, Kahl decided in the late 1960's that he would no longer pay federal Income Taxes as he believed the entire concept of income taxation was corrupt, illegal, unconstitutional, and violated his almost fanatical religious beliefs. In a taped interview with IRS officials, Kahl firmly states that, "All any Christian needs to know about the Income Tax is that it's the second plank of the Communist Manifesto. You can't support Satan under the Communist Manifesto and call yourself a Christian at the same time. It's absolutely impossible!"

As Kahl became more outspoken and vocal, even going on TV in Texas with a group he started called "United Tax Action Patriots" where he brought to light the illegalities and "Gestapo-like tactics" of the IRS, he eventually and inevitably attracted the government's attention.

Finally arrested and convicted of willful failure to file a tax return, he served a year in Leavenworth. He quickly violated his probation conditions upon his release by still refusing to pay any taxes. Even worse, in the eyes of the government, he began stirring up a small tax revolt movement in Texas' Permian Basin. Eventually, a misdemeanor arrest warrant (for failing to sign a Probation Report) was put out. For three years, the Federal Government tried unsuccessfully to arrest Kahl, until finally, on February 13, 1983, US Marshals attempted to serve their warrant in Medina, TX.

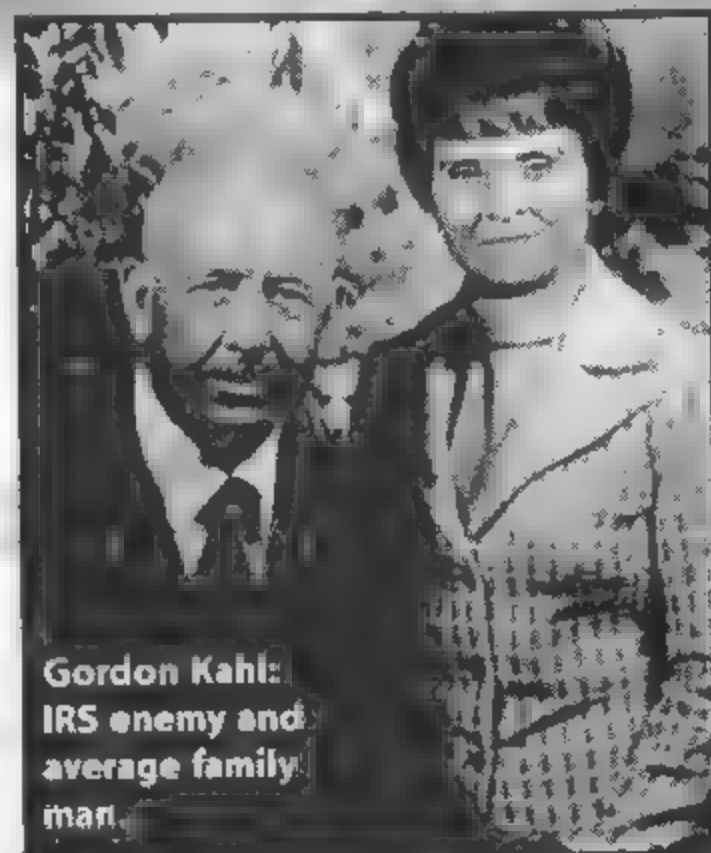
By that evening, after a horribly executed roadblock, an armed stand off and confused shoot-out with Kahl and his supporters, two US Marshals were dead. Three other Marshals,

as well as Kahl's son Yorie were wounded in the ill-fated arrest attempt. How "horribly executed" was the roadblock? The Marshals hadn't even known what Kahl

looked like. And ultimately, the elusive Gordon Kahl had escaped them yet again.

But the most bizarre part of this strange story was still to come. After an intense four month manhunt, the FBI tracked the former war hero to a friend's farmhouse in Arkansas. There the government claims, Kahl and a local sheriff killed each other in a shoot-out before the house burned in a fire started by tear gas grenades.

Not so, say Kahl's supporters. Not to mention a preponderance of the evidence! They believe Kahl, or somebody, was killed or more precisely shot in the back of the head by a Federal Agent. The house was then riddled with machine gun fire, killing the sheriff. Then, as this theory goes, feeling not quite sure who they'd snuffed, the Feds then dismembered the body and set the house ablaze with kerosene to hide the identity of their victim—Waco style. Like I said, an incredibly convoluted tale!



Gordon Kahl:
IRS enemy and
average family
man.

TAXES



A simple farmer and decorated war hero, Kahl decided in the late 60's that he would no longer pay his Federal Income Taxes.

Other descriptions of him—which appear in various newspapers throughout the film—label him as an “ultra right-wing racist, religious fanatic and leader of a radical survivalist cult,” complete with the standard mined and heavily armed fortress compound.

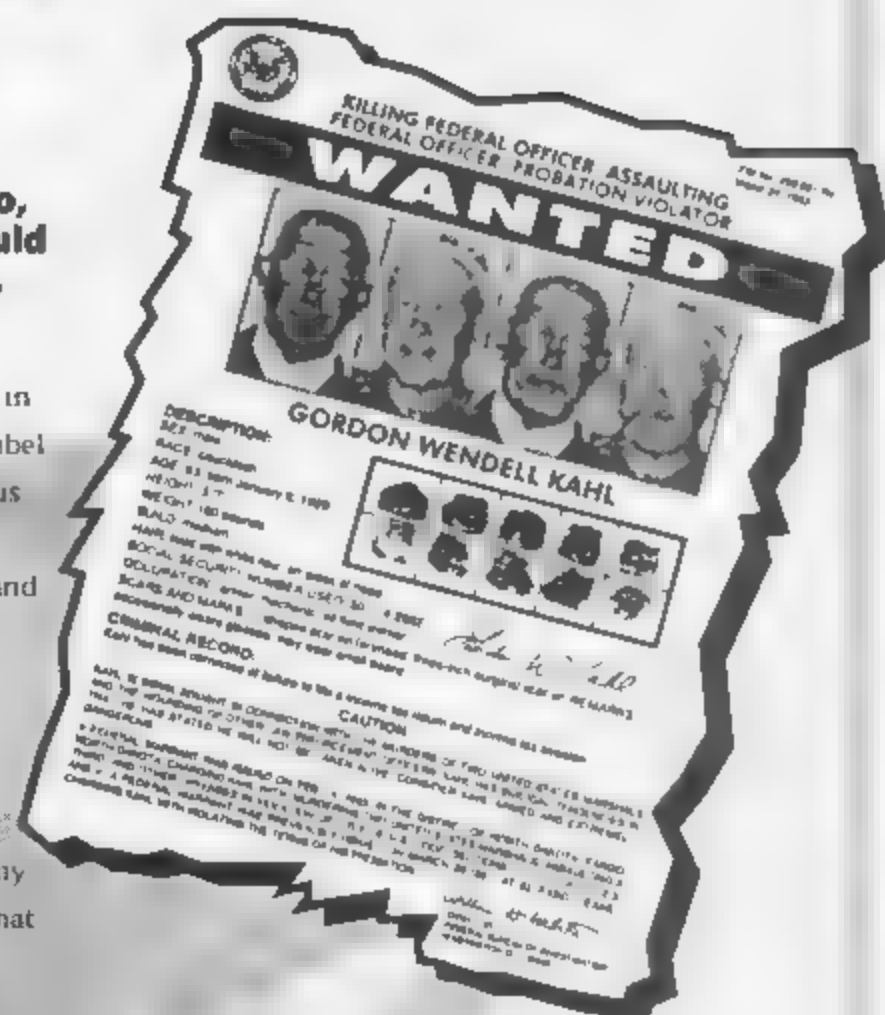
“I started the project as a libertarian, anarchist type of artist—and I’m not personally a racist—so I was a little discouraged at the start because I didn’t really want to spend a significant part of my time, and life as it turns out, glorifying what could be possibly, an evil person.”

Soon, however, he realized that radical scumbags like the KKK and other right wing extremist groups had adopted Kahl and put him up on their pedestal after his death, egged on by the government’s slur campaign.

“I was a little discouraged at the start because I didn’t really want to spend a significant part of my time, and life as it turns out, glorifying what could be possibly, an evil person.”

—DIRECTOR JEFFREY JACKSON

“What I tend to believe happened was, the Federal Government went out with the US Attorneys and they looked at [the botched Medina shoot-out], ‘cause they had to prosecute it, and they said, ‘My God! This looks like a Fascist police attack!’ And so, what the government did, is they initiated a media campaign where they dredged up every connection that Gordon Kahl had over over his entire lifetime; that he was no longer associated with, and made it a big deal.”



THE SCALE TIPS

Where *D&T* is on the most solid ground is when it explains the pattern of harassment and intimidation the government used in an

attempt to force Kahl into silence. Clearly, his anti-tax campaign, together with his and Yorie's efforts to encourage local farmers to set up "Township Governments to curb the Federal Government's expansion powers over the individual's everyday life," were making him dangerous in the eyes of the government. Family friend Mark

Stagg states in the film that he believes Kahl was, "...setting a dangerous precedent for tax revolt."

Marlene Gaysek, an IRS Public Relations talking head, is this the single most of it—it zig in the world? For complaints of how when Kahl went on TV in Texas, almost 200 workers went to their employers and filed W-4 Exemption Forms, precluding employers from withholding any taxes. "Thus, 200 former compliant, law-abiding taxpayers placed themselves in enormous fiscal endangerment that they would

MISINFORMATION

"I was gonna do it as a fictional film, but then *Roger & Me* came out about five or six years ago, the 43-year old Jackson recalls

"Next, *The Thin Blue Line* came out. They both had theatrical releases, pretty good

publicity. I had experience making documentaries over the years and somehow in my deadened mind I thought it would be faster and cheaper to do a documentary

And more interesting."

Initially stumbling onto the tragic case while researching an article for *Hustler* magazine on IRS atrocities and the tax protester, Jackson was at first intrigued by the "...raw, dynamic elements of a small farmer who went up against Goliath The Government, and got crushed." But as he began researching the story, a less-than-flattering image of Kahl began to appear.

"The mainstream media really portrayed Kahl as if he were a radical, rabid leader of, like, the Ku Klux Klan," Jackson explains



**Kahl alive and his charred corpse:
So *you* got burned by the
IRS last year?**



03 - Charred remains of Gordon Wendall Kahl to show island of intact skin indicating he was in a prone position at time of death.

6-15-83 Jim

"People wonder if I'm gonna be hung by my neck by the IRS, but what I've come to believe is that they like the kind of publicity I'm giving them."

—DIRECTOR JEFFREY JACKSON



not have had enough pay-in to cover their own taxes," she offers, the key word being "compliant."

Uh, wasn't that the point?

So did the IRS, in fact, go after Kahl to shut him up or at least make an example of him?

"Indeed, this is one of the ways that IRS and other government agencies select cases that we recommend for prosecution, that they serve as examples and also as deterrents," the formerly congenial Ms. Gaysek states, perhaps revealing too much.

"I really tried to go into it pretty objective," Jackson begins. "But then, at a certain point, no matter what you say, the chips don't fall down the middle of the road, so to speak. You start to see these atrocious things."

DEATH & TRAVESTY

As *D&T* begins, Private investigator and former Phoenix Police Officer Jack McLamb talks mysteriously into a walkie-talkie. As he whispers clandestine-like, workers begin the exhumation of the body alleged to be Gordon Kahl's. Why? A second autopsy. It's largely due to McLamb's efforts that Kahl's controversial death is still being debated. In this film, stories of Kahl's life and death are told around and between scenes of the body's journey to its date with medical examiner Dr. Thomas Naguchi, the former L.A. Coroner to the stars who examined John Belushi, Marilyn Monroe and many others. The story of the body's voyage in death is so much simpler than the events leading up to its terminal state. Each episode in Gordon Kahl's life, as *D&T* shows, serves only as a precursor to an even stranger and more controversial chapter which follows. Indeed, each episode of Kahl's story could easily be a documentary or *60 Minutes* piece in its own right. That the movie is even able to come close to telling a comprehensive tale is a remarkable feat.

A perfect example of how a segment of this film could be "blown up" into its own story is the portion of *D&T* dedicated to Yorie Kahl and Scott Faul's murder trial following the Medina shoot-out. Here, we learn of such explosive and unbelievable revelations as how

the presiding judge and one of the slain Marshals worked in the same courtroom. We learn that one of the jurors and Lynn Crooks, the federal Prosecutor, have known each other since childhood. We listen to David Broer, convicted of being an accessory to murder, describe his plea-bargain and rehearsed testimony—all of which took place in front of the judge.

"They said 'We're gonna ask you this question,'" Broer, now a free man, recounts. "You're supposed to respond to it this way'...And I'm sitting there thinking, 'Wow! Is this the way this shit really works?'"

Perhaps the most telling summary of the government's manipulation of this kangaroo court comes from one of the jurors, a quaint old man who seems in no danger of garnering first prize on *Jeopardy*. "Well," he draws on camera, speaking of the feds. "They treated us good."

WILLING PARTICIPANTS

"I said, 'I'm doing a documentary on Gordon Kahl. Have you heard of him?'" Jackson recounts before erupting in gleeful laughter at this memory of how he got several IRS representatives to appear on camera. Apparently, this wasn't as much of a problem as might be expected. "People wonder if I'm gonna be hung by my neck by the IRS but what I've come to believe is that they like the kind of publicity I'm giving them. Here's a movie about a tax protester who went up against the IRS and the US Government and he got his head blown off, his hands and feet chopped off and he was burned to a crisp. And, his son went to prison and his daughter committed suicide. So do you wanna pay your taxes now? Or don't you?"

THE LEGEND LIVES

Near the end of *D&T*, Jack McLamb somberly states, in a manner not unlike Robert Stack on *Unsolved Mysteries*, the new autopsy's findings to date. (I won't ruin it for you. Find out for yourself.) It's here where the film explores the violent and mysterious last hours in the life of Gordon Kahl and the movie kicks into high gear as far as outrageous speculations

and controversies go. We hear mutterings to the effect that Kahl was tortured before he was executed, that the man killed wasn't even Kahl, even that then-Governor Bill Clinton conspired with the Federal Government to cover up the Fed's "shoot to kill" policy towards one of its citizens. Yet here too, is where the evidence presented in the film becomes the least tangible and most circumstantial. Juicy and provocative as these charges and theories are, *D&T* goes only so far as to present them to the audience and maybe even lean a bit towards indicating that they may be true. But that's not the same as flat-out saying so.

"People watch the movie and they literally come to me and say, 'Is Gordon Kahl still alive?'" Jackson muses. "Artistically, there's part of me that says, this is how mythology or fables or folklore is created, the question of, 'Is this guy really alive or dead?' And so, it's a parable type of procedure. It's not a direct thing. I'm saying that there are a substantial number of people out there who believe Gordon Kahl is still alive, *physically*, as an American Patriot."

One of the subversive charms of *Death & Taxes* is that it sucks you into this story with its multiple mysteries and controversies. You want to watch the film over and over again, sorting out the players, looking for clues, trying to draw your own conclusions from the evidence presented.

"The easiest thing to do would've been to have written a voiceover narration and tell everybody how it was resolved. But my thing was, 'Fuck 'em! Make 'em figure it out!'"

In the works for Jackson is a project entitled *Edison's Electrical Elephant Experiments*, a tale about an insane man trying to complete the late scientist's last experiment of designing an "astral telephone" to communicate with the dearly departed.

Which leaves us to ponder the implications of, among other things, Gordon Kahl's dismembered, fire-ravaged body and the fate of Yorie Kahl and Scott Faul, now being held as virtual political prisoners in Leavenworth. Oh, I haven't mentioned the political prisoners part yet? **(FIVE)**

Richard Chung's *For Art's Sake*: textbook example of the



ELIEVE IT OR NOT, not all college movies suck. Though the majority of these films are unwatchable, pretentious and poorly done, there are exceptions to this rule.

A recent graduate from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, 26 year old Richard Chung created a truly exciting piece as his thesis project. Aptly named *For Art's Sake*, Chung's film is an engaging 15 minute film about a reclusive artist tracked down by an obsessed "fan."

Far from being just another pseudo-psychomemoir about overzealous admirers, Chung's black and white film has a style and presence that is reminiscent of the early film noir works.

The protagonist, Helena Bergman (Susanna Voltaire), has estranged herself from the art community and is obsessed with creating hideous dolls. (By attending Art Center, Chung was able to bring this element of the film together with ease.)

"I have an artist friend who also went to the Art Center named Greg Weber.

Chung explains. "And I asked him if he could make up some really crazy dolls for the film and he said 'yes,' so basically he came up with a few ideas and I more or less wrote the story around that."

And quite a story it is. What with

filmmaker didn't create the piece for visionary reasons.

"I just wanted to see if I could make a film," Chung explains. "I don't know if I succeeded in doing a really good film, but I've gotten really good feedback on it and I'm happy with the way it turned out."

As with other student filmmakers, money and time problems reared their unsightly heads, causing the project to linger for several months.

"It took forever to actually edit the film and finish it," he continues. "Scheduling and money problems all became major factors."

Unlike his colleagues however, Chung found time to work this to his advantage. Rather than resting on his laurels while he figured out how to get more money, he began work on other projects, thus keeping something on the front burner at all times.

"I shot the film but I didn't start editing it," he says. "Then I started shooting some music videos and then I

started editing everything after everything was shot."

The leads in the film were crucial, as there are only two roles. The characters really needed to project their parts. Chung

Greg Weber's dolls of hate populate *For Art's Sake*.



gruesome art pieces, chilling cinematography and a swift-moving plot that never allows itself to be boring. Chung does a highly admirable job in the director's chair. Interestingly, the

FOR ART'S SAKE may be a struggle to make a film

by Jim Bartoo

went through copies of *Dramalogue* to cast his players. Koli Cutler was chosen as the obsessed art lover while Susanna Voltaire, whom Chung had seen test for a friend's film earlier, took the honors as Helena.

"I was helping a classmate audition talent for his film," he remembers. "And I really liked Voltaire's audition so I just kept her in mind and I figured I'd give her a call and see if she was interested and she said she'd do it."

Their performances were only enhanced by the scenery chosen. Cut off from the rest of the world, Helena has taken up residence in a secluded desert region. The look was important to the feel of the story, and Chung took his time locating a winner.

"The exteriors were all done out toward Johannesburg in Kern County," he explains. "There were really only two places; the house and the desert."

For a first-time filmmaker, things appear to have gone fairly well. With a patient cast and crew, Chung was able to see his vision through with only the slightest of reservations.

"Everything went really well other than the fact that the crew wanted to kill me," he jokes. "But the crew was totally cool. They all stuck it out for me. When you keep people up nights, you're not the most popular guy. But it was a great learning experience." **[TVG]**



Filmmaker
Richard Chung



Stalk me—please.



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YOU KILLED ME FIRST (1985)
SUBMIT TO ME (1985)
DEATH VALLEY 69 (1986)
NAZI (1991)

VOLUME TWO

GOODBYE 42ND STREET (1983)
THE KING OF SEX (1986)
FINGERED (1986)
SUBMIT TO ME NOW (1987)
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OUCH AND DOUBLE OUCH

Denmark's deviant
documentarist Steen
Schapiro explores the
sexual underground in
MISTRESS OF THE RINGS
and **DOMINANS**

by Merle Bertrand

LET'S FACE IT WE HERE IN AMERICA LIVE in a society so sexually uptight, that catching a glimpse of some actor's naked butt on *NYPD Blue* causes a flurry of protest and scandal. I'd love to be able to pirate one of our TV networks and slap in either one of Steen Schapiro's fine documentaries, *Mistress of the Rings* or *Dominans*. Oh, the consternation and damnation that would follow!

Supported in part by the Danish Film Institute Workshop, a division of Denmark's national Film Institute (That's right! In Denmark, the government still gives a damn about supporting controversial artists), these two well-done films not



Head to head Danish style.





Kaare Breiner

HIS MIND IS ON HIS WORK: Filmmaker Steen Schapiro ponders *Rings*' Mette Hintze and *DOMINANS*' loving couple.

only explore two areas of the sexual underground: explicit body piercing in the case of *Mistress* and loving sadomasochism in *Dominans*, they bask, revel and luxuriate in it

Mistress of the Rings, Schapiro's 1992 effort and a member of FTVG's elite "25 Underground Films You Must See" list (see issue #11) centers on Mette Hintze, the "Mistress", and her profession as Copenhagen's resident body piercer "Fascinated by her power and commitment" after meeting Mette at a party, and with Schapiro himself being a member of Copenhagen's sexual underground, the idea of making a documentary on piercing and body art was hardly a stretch for the 27-year-old filmmaker

"I guess my basic approach to piercing is that it seems like an original, basic artform, decorating the body," Schapiro explains. "I've always been fascinated by people who live in excesses and manage to develop a whole culture-religion way-of-life around this."

That's certainly the case for Mette's

customers in *Mistress*, as her handiwork covers just about every available stretch of flesh. Her canvas extends from relatively mild locations, such as noses and earlobes, to the slightly more extreme, lips, tongues, cheeks and eyebrows, and on to the most hardcore regions like nipples, navels, and—get ready to wince—both male and female genitalia. (And here, she gets pretty damned creative!) But while much is made in the film of the rationale

"I was sort of in hysterics while editing the male foreskin piercing. We quickly decided that we wouldn't want a lot of blood spilling around..."

—STEEN SCHAPIRO

for piercing, both from Mette and in interviews with her clients, we thankfully don't see a lot of the actual piercing process itself. There may have been a good reason for this

"When I was doing *Mistress*, I was actually suffering from a great angst of needles, so I was sort of in hysterics while editing the male foreskin piercing," Schapiro relates while I cross my legs defensively. "But we quickly decided that we wouldn't want a lot of blood spilling around, which apparently happens with scrotum piercings and stuff."

Check please!

After *Mistress*, which Schapiro offers was, "an opportunity to really experiment with documentarism and the video medium in itself," he immediately decided to continue his exploration of sexual subcultures

"Sex is celebrity and the video medium in itself," Schapiro states. And with that belief, he immediately decided to continue his exploration of sexual subcultures

"Sex is so delicate and explosive, abstract and concrete at the same time.

And, as I'm really fascinated by S/M, that's what I chose for my next subject." Thus, was born *Dominans*, an intriguing, sensuous, serious, yet oddly soothing look at the forbidding world of sadomasochism (See review this issue)

"My basic approach was that if sex is an artform, then S/M is expressionism and surrealism. It can be set up artistically, with fetishistic tools and designed stages like a performance, an avant garde piece from the heart "

And that's how *Dominans* plays, as we become voyeurs, looking in on several masters and submissives living their unique lifestyle while listening to them earnestly describe what S/M means to them. But in order for the film to convey the right mood, it was imperative to find people to appear who would project the proper image and attitude. Searching them out, according to Schapiro, took almost two years.

"I was looking for some leads...who had the right radiance...someone who wouldn't immediately confirm the audience's fears and prejudices about S/M'ers; who weren't ashamed or unreliable." In that, he

succeeds, especially with regards to the first dominatrix featured, a beautiful woman who comes across as being so firm in her convictions as to make even the

"In America, you seem to be suffering from a very politically correct separation of sex and S/M, as well as of bondage and suffering."

most cynical "whips and chains" scoffer have second thoughts. She, and the film, show that these people, far from being sick and perverted, obviously take time and effort to make their sexual encounters stimulating and erotic, thus helping make their relationships fulfilling and satisfying.

"It's the connections between what would seem to be opposites, like love and punishment, brutality and ritual, torture and devotion, that's really charged with power!" Schapiro explains. And it's just

these unexpected connections between S/M, sex, love, trust and devotion that make *Dominans* such a challenging, effective and unnerving film.

"In America, you seem to be suffering from a very politically correct separation of sex and S/M, as well as of bondage and suffering," Schapiro chides. "If you have a hint of bondage in your porno videos there, you can't have lovemaking. This makes no sense to me. Why is it more okay to show people hurting each other without love, than with it?"

Good question. And just one of the many that Schapiro's films provoke. A trend that will almost certainly continue with his next sexually subversive project, entitled *Eurofetish*, about the "new fashionable fetish phenomena, where people dress up in designer clothing crossing fantasies, genders and fetishistic materials and show off at big parties."

Hey, it's more interesting than seeing naked butts on *NYPD Blue*! **[TVG]**

Mistress and Dominans are available on one tape from FILM THREAT VIDEO.



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A NEW YORK STATE OF PORN

**AFTER THE RIGORS OF EDITING GG ALLIN'S LIFE
TOGETHER IN *HATED*, FILMMAKER ALEX CRAWFORD
RAN OFF TO THE NEAREST PORN SET TO
DOCUMENT THE SEX INDUSTRY THROUGH THE
EYES OF SCREW MAGAZINE'S AL GOLDSTEIN**



SUPER STUD: "Mike Horner is the real man."

Photos by David E. Williams

IT WAS FUCKING MISERABLE Pathetic," sums up Alex Crawford about his experience studying film at the famed New York University. Perhaps that's why the 25 year-old was enticed by the prospects of editing the disturbingly entertaining documentary *Hated* for friend Todd Phillips, now partnered with Andrew Gurland at Stranger Than Fiction Films. Although currently working a full time gig for the sedate A&E cable channel, Crawford is back again with those subversive bastards over at STF. However, this time, Crawford is sitting in the director's chair of *Porn*, which seeks to answer all those questions about the sex industry that you needed to know but couldn't find anyone bold enough to actually ask.

The process began in early 1992 when Crawford and STF's Andrew Gurland went

off looking for a suitable documentary subject. Initially choosing dwarf tossing, they were forced to reconsider when the dwarf tossing promoters refused to co-operate unless they were awarded \$70,000, a vastly higher sum than the original co-operation fee of \$5,000. Then they discovered that Al Goldstein (*Screw* magazine editor, porn flick producer) was going to run for sheriff in Broward

"You'd probably think that half of the porn industry is either dying or dead. They're just not though."

—ALEX CRAWFORD

County, Florida. "But Goldstein pulled out of the race," laments Crawford. But luck was kinda on their side when after much tugging and convincing, Goldstein

allowed Crawford and producers Gurland and Phillips to document the life of Al and his merry band of co-horts.

Although still furiously trying to finish the final cut of *Porn*, Crawford was kind enough to screen a work-in-progress for the hard-working slobs at FTVG before telling us what it was like to shoot a 16mm film on a subject usually preserved on video only.

How did you convince Al to grant you such honest access his life?

Goldstein will basically grant anyone a first interview and then after that we just bugged him. I can't tell you how many times he said [affecting his best guttural and throaty

Goldstein voice] "I don't want anybody in my office or anyone to take calls from these guys." Then we had to go beg him. He's a touchy guy but he does come around. He kinda likes us now. But it

B Y D O M I N I C G R I F F I N

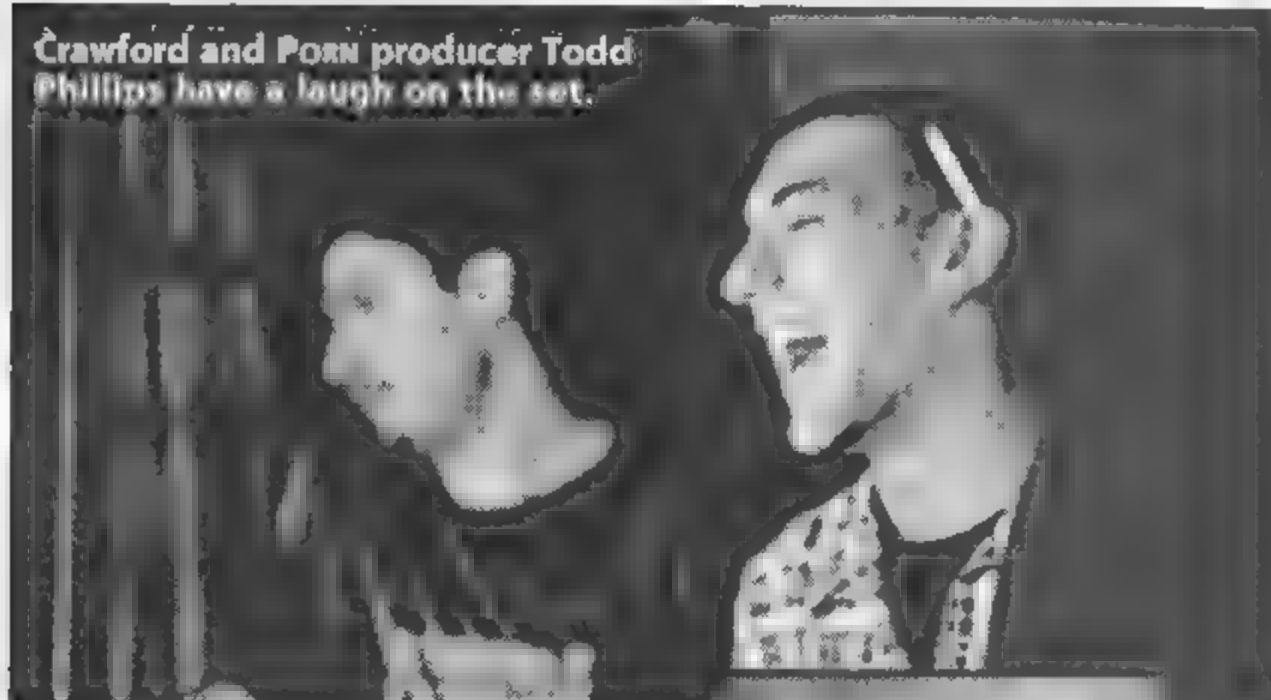
wasn't without its problems. Goldstein goes through personal assistants like OJ goes through lawyers and to get to Goldstein, you have to go through the personal assistants. My budget for sending flowers to secretaries was almost the same as my audio stock! We seriously had to wine and dine these ladies. A lot.

Were there any real Spinal Tap moments?
The day we visited the porn set in Los Angeles—first the camera broke down. Then two guys couldn't get it up so instead of being a 14 hour day it ended up being a 25 hour day. When guys can't get it up on a porn set, you gotta wait... Well they actually used a stunt cock in that situation. The audio guy on the porn movie stepped in and did the fucking. They had to use our sound guy to boom them. [Laughs] Generally, in the porn

Filmmaker Alex Crawford shoots some PORN.



Crawford and Porn producer Todd Phillips have a laugh on the set.



industry, the reason you see the same guy over and over again—you know, like Mike Horner is gonna get it up—they know they are going to be able to perform

Did you encounter any fluffers?

That only exists on big productions but I do have some film of one girl—she's only getting like a \$150 for the day and one of these guys can't get it up. She's sucking his dick and she just gets pissed and throws it down—he had a big cock—and then she screams 'I'm not fluffing you! Do it yourself.' And she walks away. But fluffers are generally used on big productions only. You know like a two day production as opposed to the usual shooting time of one day. That's why they call them 'One Day Wonders.'

Were you impressed by any performers in

GOLDSTEIN:
Asleep or just resting his eyes?



particular?

Oh c'mon Mike Horner is the *real* man, you know what I mean. That guy is basically a classically trained actor. He studied mime in Paris.

Compared to Hated, this would seem tame. Was it?

Well, we shot some hooker stuff where me and Todd just went out and got some frank and different shit, it's like inner city hunting. The hookers really don't want to be filmed, and the pimps, they especially don't want their girls to be filmed. They get really angry at you and they throw bottles and shit at you. And if you see a pimp car, man, you just have to watch out for it because they'll come after you.

Did you have the permission of the hookers?

No, not really. So it was kind of drive-by filming. We paid some of the hookers that we interviewed—they wouldn't do it otherwise. A couple of them, we paid five bucks just to take their picture but, mostly we just did drive by shooting because the character we interview in the film that actually goes to hookers—they don't like him. So it's for the betterment of the movie if the hookers look like they don't enjoy being filmed.

Did you end up dating any of the girls that you interviewed?

No, but one of the girls kept bugging my assistant camera man. When you're on a



"And one [porn actress] just loved my assistant camera man. She'd rub up against him. I'd want him to load the mag and he's just..."

Public funding? They would just laugh at me

The documentary cost \$50,000. Do you think that you'll make your money back on the film?
I don't know, but that's not really why I made it. I'm more interested in making a movie that I like. So I put some of my own money in it but I'm very happy with the product. That's why I do it.

How true to life is the documentary?

No documentary is true. A documentary is not a reflection of real life. There is a school of documentary where you have to sit there and wait for your subject to walk down the street in order to shoot footage. Or there is a school that says, "Just tell him to walk down the fucking street." The hookers, you know, when they throw the bottle at me, they throw a bottle at the camera, it works very well. It gives the impression that they aren't very receptive

I think you'll find that we really represent the counterpoint very well. There are definite reasons for people not to want pornography in their neighborhood or not to want the sex industry in their neighborhood. We have a lot of protesters against pornography in New York. There is a whole movement here to get pornography out of the residential neighborhoods. Everyone has a point when they say that they don't like pornography but I think ultimately, it's about first amendment freedom. Obviously, no one condones child pornography, no one condones torture and pornography but, if two consenting adults want to do it, well..

When you found yourself running out of money, how did you raise it?

You get another Visa card. We haven't really done so many scams, like we did in *Hated*—where we stole shit—[this time] we just borrowed it. You just do whatever

you can. The hardest part about it, honestly, is you don't do it for a living. I work for ten hours at my day job and then I try to cut my documentary for six hours.

The stereotype of the girls involved in the sex industry in America: Stupid, bimbo, coke-abusing... How do you view them, did you have a stereotype of these girls, going in?

I think that there are definite stereotypes towards these women. I think it's an insult to them when people say, "they don't know what they are doing." Everyone involved with pornography knows exactly what they are doing.

it's because they choose to do it. There are no drugs sitting there forcing them to do pornography. That might be the case with prostitution but pornography is a completely different thing

porn set, the girls just walk around naked. And one just loved my assistant camera man and she kept bugging him for his number the whole time we were shooting. She'd rub up against him and shit. I wanted him to load the mag and he's sitting there talking to some porn star, it was pissing me off.

Do people literally just walk around having sex with each other when the camera is not rolling?

To a certain extent... I mean, it's not really fucking. There is foreplay. But just because they have to warm up to each other. They sit around the set and just kind of make out and so forth

What are the big misconceptions about the experience of making this documentary?

It's war man, it's just hell. I'm so broke, it just sucks.

What are some of the low-lights now, in retrospective, are they that you are in debt?

That's a major one. It's just killing me. I'm paying eighteen percent on the credit cards. You know in a movie like this, no one is going to give you money for it



COOL. AWESOME: Phillips and Crawford.

to the whole thing. When stuff like that works where you've set it up, it's nice.

What is the purpose of the piece? Is it to justify porn? Or is it to fill people in on porn?



"I swear I don't remember this scene from the audition."

How do you view them now having spent so much time amongst them?

It's a cross section of society, just like any industry would be. Well, there is the low-end porn actress who seems very sad. They have these dreams like they are going to be some kind of fucking star.

Are they using condoms?

Oh come on, they rip off the end of the condom and put it around the guys cock to make it look like he's using a condom.

I thought you said they were very concerned about AIDS?

They do AIDS testing.

You know what kills me about AIDS testing? So a guy takes an AIDS test and they find out he has AIDS, that's no fucking good to the seventy-five girls he fucked that week. You're right but, I mean, the porn industry has not been hit that hard by AIDS at all.

Why do you think?

Because they do AIDS testing. If you look at any bath house in New York City, any gay bath house where guys are having sex like crazy and you look at the porn industry where people are having sex like crazy it's the same kind of insulated community. The same people are doing the same people over and over again. You'd probably think that half of the porn industry is either dying or dead. Their just not though.

"They have these dreams like they are going to be some kind of fucking star."

How quickly did you become numb, during the filming of the documentary, to naked girls.

I still like to see naked girls. When you work and you're at a place where you see these graphic pictures all day though you do get a little tired of it.

Did you have a girlfriend at the time?

I've had a girlfriend for the whole thing. She doesn't have a problem with it.

Did she ask to come to the set?

No.

So you come home from a hard day of filming and she says, "Honey, what did you do today?"

"Oh, I filmed a double penetration shot and one of the porn stars was trying to pick up on my assistant camera man..." And would she say, "Oh honey, what a rough day?"

She was mainly just pissed about the hours that I have to put in.

but she'd get a little pissed.

Is this the strangest project you have ever been involved with?

I would say that it is very unique. You would not believe the people in the sex industry, they are totally flakey, you can not depend on them at all.

Are drugs a big problem in the sex industry?

For some people, yeah. I think it's more of a case of them coming to the shoots hung over than it is rampant on-set drug use. It takes them a while to wake up, you know.

What was the response from, (A), your friends and, (B) your family, when you told them what you had been working on?

At least some bloody bald headed maniac isn't going to come at me with a microphone. [A GG Allin reference]. It's such a safer project than *Hated*. I just don't think some hundred and five pound naked woman is going to hurt me.



With Big Mike sprinting across the background, producer Phillips tries to make some very small talk with a porn starlet. (Awesome)

What did your mom say?

Well she wouldn't give me any money for the project but violence is so much worse than sex, in my opinion, and the danger and the extreme nature of that [*Hated*] material is much more extreme than pornography. They are just happy that I'm away from GG.

Is this an exploitive piece?

Absolutely. Would my characters watch it and be pissed at me? Probably not. I think it's a very fair representation of their lifestyle. That's all you can do when you make a documentary, you can't

represent the truth so you just try and do the best you can. **[FTV]**

Look for Porn to spring up later this year from Stranger Than Fiction Films.

She never accused you of partaking?

No. I didn't shoot porn movies all the time. I spent more time interviewing people than I did on the porn set. My girlfriend was a little jealous with me being there on the set with Nicole London and Ona Zee and they are hitting on the crew, me and whatever. I'd come home and I'd be excited telling her the stories



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JESCO: COUNTER CULTURE H E R O

As featured in **DANCING OUTLAW I and II**, Elvis impersonator and dancing fanatic, Jesco White has dumfounded and impressed all he meets. But who is he?

"I went through three soundmen of the film. We would be driving out of there and the guy would look at me and say, 'Well, that was interesting but I'm never fucking going back there.'"

—DIRECTOR JACOB YOUNG ON THE PROBLEMS OF SHOOTING HIS FILM

Nutcase or not? Jesco is the Dancing Outlaw.

THE OUTER FRINGES of American culture have always seemed to be both elusive and pervasive. Away from the city lights of the megalomaniac suburbs and business districts, people are less inclined to view life through mainstream eyes. If the people in question are part of an underground music scene or shoot abstract nudes for an arrogant gallery in New York, they are perceived as cool. When you come from Boone County, West Virginia, you're a hillbilly.

Not that being a hillbilly is all bad. Though the names may be different, the definition is pretty much the same. Be

they rednecks good ol' boys white trash, Okies or yes, even hillbillies, there is something inherently American about them.

Some of the most influential people in American history had their roots planted deep in the same soil as those who tip cows. Not surprisingly, Elvis Presley was

TV OUTLAW: Jesco makes the big time with Rosanne and John.



OR WHITE TRASH WACKO?

by Jim Bartoo

considered to be a hillbilly when he first emerged, perhaps because of his penchant for such social prizes as ice cream, pinball and fried peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Most viewers looking for a dose of this type of entertainment, need look only as far as any afternoon talk show.

Be that as it may, the persons Sally Jesse and Montel Williams parade before the nation can't even hope to touch what a PBS director in West Virginia discovered when he set out to film the definitive hillbilly documentary: *Dancing Outlaw*.

A resident of Arthurdale, West Virginia director Jacob Young had the fortune of seeing a mountain dancer by the name of D. Ray White, perform at various bars and folk festivals. His tap dancing too was considered by many to be nothing short of amazing. He was documentary material for certain, but at the time Young had neither the pull nor the support to get this vision on tape.

As the years went by, Young moved his way up the ladder, eventually landing a position as a producer at WNPB in West Virginia. Still interested in doing a piece on D. Ray, Young began a search that yielded an unexpected and depressing shock.

Probing the small city of Madison,

Young was given the unfortunate news that D. Ray was dead. Dejected and frustrated, Young was set to give up his dream-vision when he was tossed a proverbial life-buoy. "As I was leaving," director Young recalls with a laugh, "this guy turned to me and said 'Hey, you oughta look up Jesco, his number-one son. He's learning to dance.' Sometime later my friend got out this tape he had shot of this crazy fucker dancing on a picnic table or something," Young explains. "It was nuts. But he finally sits down and he says 'My name is Jesco,' and suddenly the light

appliances at the side of a road, to the first images of Jesco dancing across a bridge with a boombox, the film pointedly proves that progression is a slow proposition at best.

Upon finding Jesco and getting him and his family to participate in the film, Young discovered he had a mountain of information to present. There are several different elements that are examined: Jesco's dancing, the origins and the future; the three personalities of Jesco, Jessie, Jesco and Elvis; the White family, his wife, mother, various relations, and finally, the ambiguous events that lead to his father's untimely death.

Young is greatly adept in pulling these subjects, together. Quickly and tightly, he cuts between clips of Jesco dancing on a doghouse and members of his family explaining the way various things came to be. Two of the most intriguing subjects are his mother Bernie May and his wife Norma Jean. From diametrically opposed positions (the two have a running conflict over who is trying to control Jesco's life), the two present insights into the very



FILMMAKER JACOB YOUNG: *Dancing Outlaw* is the kind of documentary that people who try and promote tourism for the state, don't want you to see.

went on in my head and after three days of pissing around, I found him."

Dancing Outlaw is the kind of documentary that people who try and promote tourism for the state, don't want you to see. Though loosely a piece about a mountain dancer following in his father's footsteps, it quickly becomes a catharsis for life in rural America. From its opening sequence of abandoned vehicles and

things that make Jesco tick.

Much to Young's credit however, he was able to stay focused. With all kind of chaos taking place around him on a regular basis, a less gifted filmmaker would have made a run for the proverbial hills.

"I went through three soundmen of the film," Young recalls. "We would be driving out of there and the guy would look at me and say 'well, that was

"He thought I was making a music video. Later on I found out that he had it in his mind that I was going to write his autobiography."

—THE DIRECTOR ABOUT THE CONFUSED OUTLAW.

interesting but I'm never fucking going back there."

Just because you've got a cooperative subject doesn't necessarily make for easy documentary filmmaking. In the case of *Dancing Outlaw*, director Young had to spend a good deal of time around the White family in the tumultuous going's on in Boone County.

"Jesco's place was a bastion of sanity compared to Bernie May's, where the whole White family hangs out," he explains. "That place was wild. I was there one time and they talked me into going drinking in this tiny little camper thing and for a joke, Mamie (Jesco's sister) backs the pick-up truck up against the thing and turns it up on its side. We're standing in this thing while the whole fucking thing keels over," Young recalls, "so we climb out the top of it and there's Mamie laughing her ass off."

One might question why Jacob bothered to go ahead. The 40-year-old producer never really had any doubts about finishing the project however. Finding his subject fascinating, he asked the tough questions and came back with a myriad of responses. His rapid editing of stories takes on higher meaning when the topic of D. Ray White's death comes up.

Cutting between interviews with Jesco, Norma Jean, Bernie May and Jesco's brother Dorsey, we get a wider perspective of what may of happened. There are a few inconsistencies within their narratives, but the audience gets the general idea that D. Ray was killed by a neighbor, possibly on acid, during an argument.

Rather than just taking this approach for its humor value, director Young thought it would be a keener reflection of what it is actually like to have a conversation at the White house.

"Whenever you're [at their home], there's like six people simultaneously telling you a story," he says. "And you sort of tune into one and then tune into another and it doesn't matter, they just keep on talking. So this was one way to make you feel like you were there."

While hardly a companion piece to

Masterpiece Theatre, Young's work was aired on the PBS series *A Different Drummer*. A sort of "P.O.V."-esque collection of unrelated pieces, *Drummer* took some incredible heat following its premiere.

"A whole lot of people called up and canceled their subscriptions to PBS," he laughingly remembers. "But then, during the next three or four weeks there were hundreds and hundreds of calls and requests and letters and orders. People were more than willing to shell out money for copies of this."

And why not? The thought of thirty-minutes of hillbilly action to enjoy in the privacy of one's home (not to mention the reported airings on rock group tour buses) can never be underestimated. There isn't a person alive that will see the image of Jesco dancing on top of a doghouse (while the dog peacefully rests unfazed) and be unaffected. Unfortunately, not everyone is affected the same way. The powers-that-be in West Virginia could only see their mighty tourist money oozing away like the mud on Mamie's pick up.

"All the state bureaucrats really hated [the film]," laughs Young. "They spent all kinds of money to go to New York and hire these ad agencies to come down [to West Virginia] to make travel and tourism films about how great it is here. And here's this guy undoing it all with one half-hour show."

"Don't get me wrong, West Virginia is a beautiful place," agrees director Young. "You can go and shoot beautiful scenes almost anywhere but invariably you gotta get in there and pick up the car fenders and cans and shit and get them out of the road. These image-makers want to come and turn West Virginia into Connecticut, and it's not Connecticut. There are cans and refrigerators and stoves and dryers by the side of the road...but that's part of the beauty to me."

Apparently Jacob Young is not alone. Last summer, at the request of Rosanne her hubby, Tom Arnold—at least he was then—Jesco and Jacob came to Hollywood and shot what would eventually become the long-awaited sequel to *Dancing*

Outlaw. The Arnold's saw the original and asked him to be in an episode of *Rosanne*.

The contents of *Dancing Outlaw II: Jesco Goes To Hollywood* include him dancing at the Venice Beach boardwalk and in front of Elvis' star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. Yet, it is during his interaction with the fuedin' and a fussin' Tom and Rosanne, that Jesco reaches his zenith.

All of this begs the question of why Jesco White—hillbilly, singer and dancer—should be so genuinely adored. Besides being an extremely fascinating figure, he actually shows traits that many others would never be able to carry on with.

"The fact that he gets up everyday and goes on with this is pretty amazing," Young explains. "Considering the cards he's been dealt and the situation he's in."

Couple that with the fact that the documentary process was never completely understood by Jesco and you have a piece that is more revealing than most. Content with his 15 minutes of fame, White never really questioned what Young was shooting tape for, but seemed to think that the world had simply figured out how important he was.

"He thought I was making a music video," director Young sighs. "I told him a thousand times exactly what I was doing but he saw a video camera and the only thing he could conceive was that I was going to make a music video. Later on I found out that he had it in his mind that I was going to make a music video and when I was done with that, I was going to write his biography."

Whatever Jesco the *Dancing Outlaw* may have thought, the viewing public should only be happy the film was made. Whether one gets their enjoyment from the free-flowing interviewers, Jesco's dancing or simply seeing the greatest assortment of white trash this side of *Rickie Lake*, there is a piece of America that exists within *Dancing Outlaw*, that cannot be found in most people's everyday life.

This time capsule illustrates one cross-generation local in late-20th century America, a place devoid of big-city aspirations, hidden agendas, plastic surgery and homes that don't come standard with wheels.

Jesco White is someone that speaks for himself without fear of ostracization. He seems content just to be cranking out Elvis tunes in his trailer and engaging in a little clog dancing. And if that isn't the greatest reason to be worried about the future, nothing is. **[FTV]**

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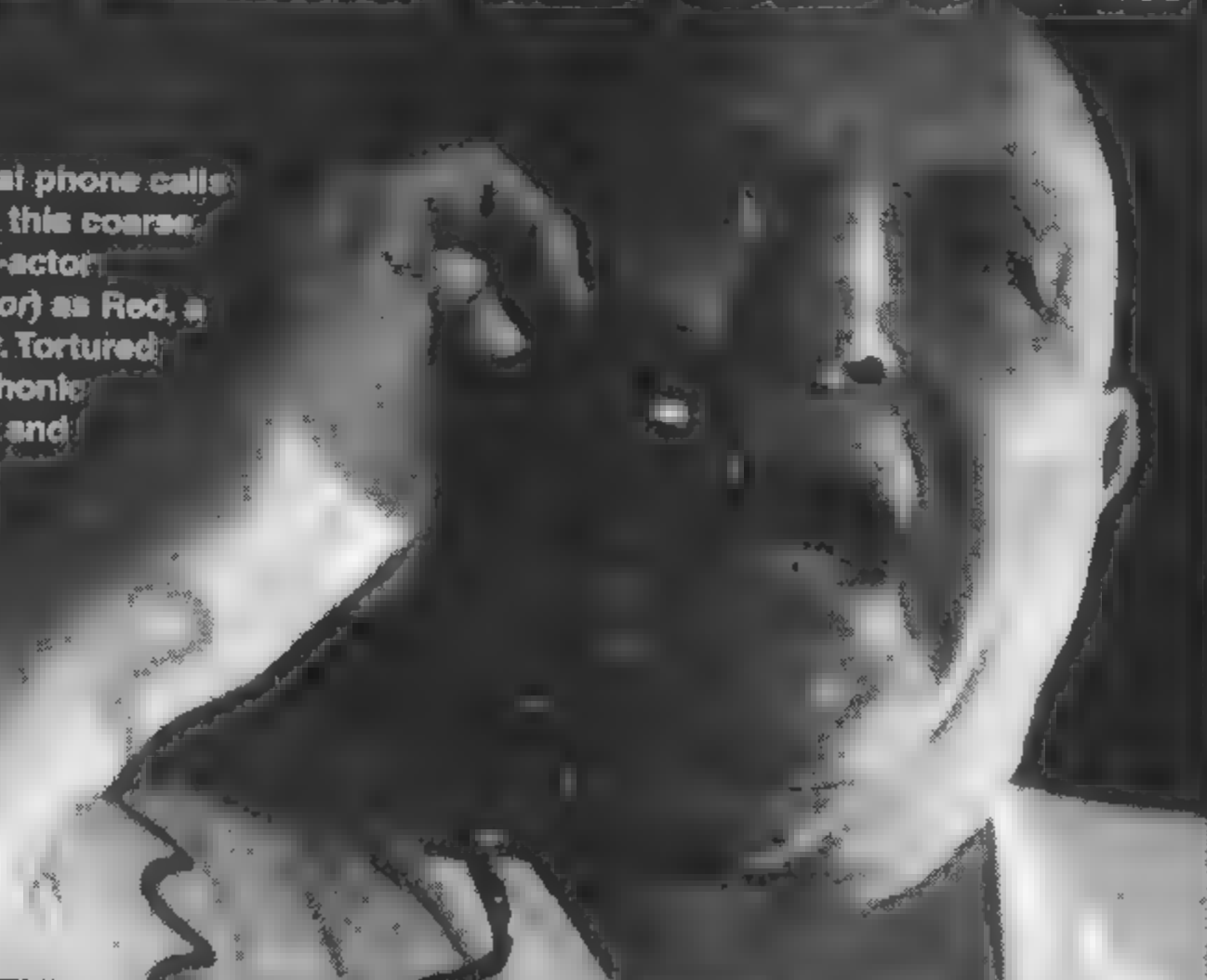
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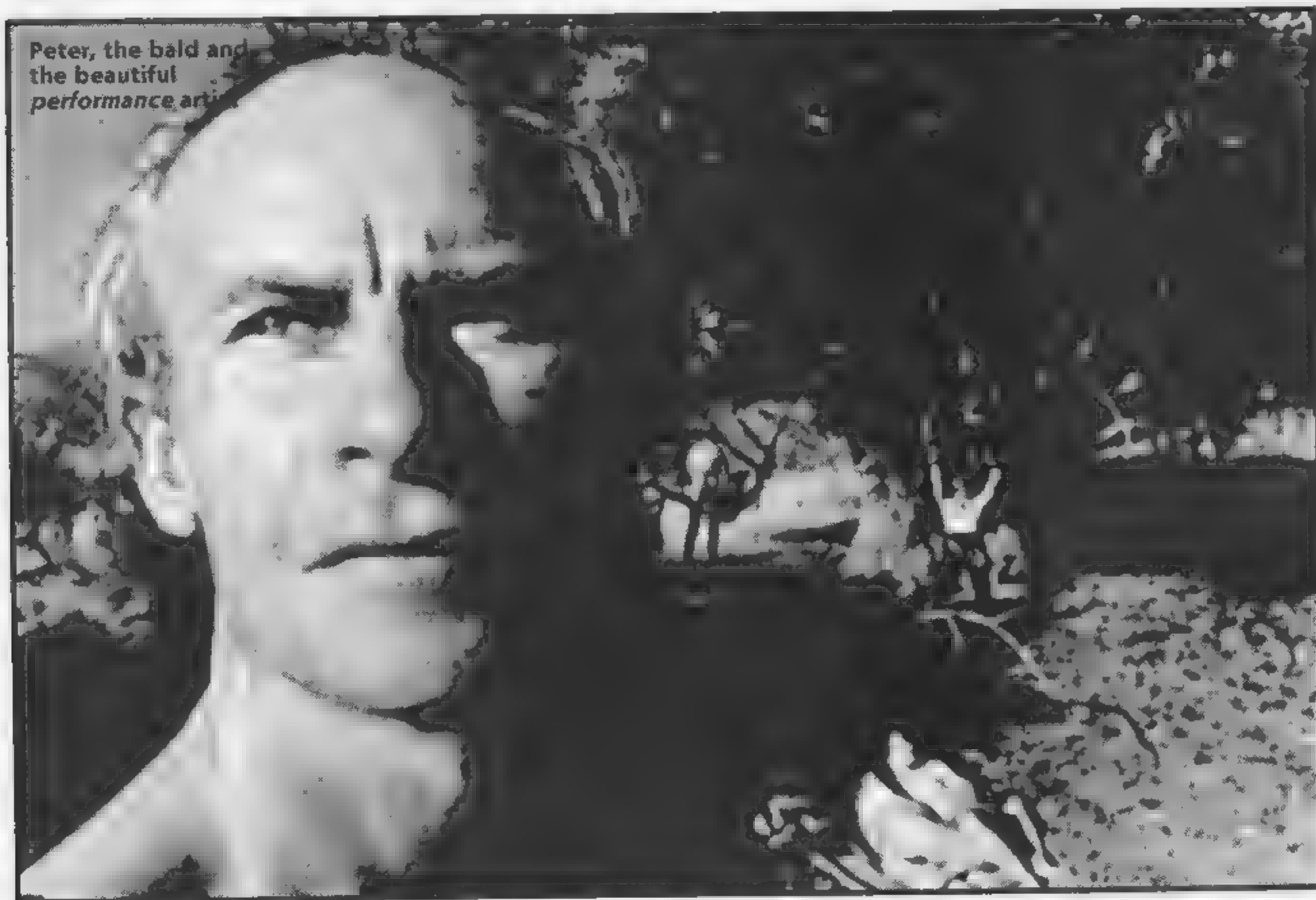
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A D D I C T

Exactly how do you go from a normal human being to a cockatiel-chasing
SEX ADDICT?

by Dominic Griffin



READERS OF THE LAST ISSUE MAY remember our friendly sex addicts featured in the soon to be released documentary *I Am A Sex Addict*, directed by Vikram Jayanti and John Powers, and to be

distributed by those swinging fellas at Stranger Than Fiction Films. As reported previously, the documentary features a variety of self-confessed sex addicts detailing the sordid details of their lives.

By popular demand, here

are some more lightening rods of wisdom from the featured players of *Sex Addict*. Hopefully they'll help shed some light on their lifestyles...though we doubt it.

Be afraid, be very afraid.

TEED TO LUV!

DAN & CHRIS

Dan is an actor, though his films have never crossed anyone's path at FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. Meanwhile Chris is a student—though of what particular subject, none of us are sure. While most of their interviews are conducted as they lay naked in bed barely covered *à la* John Lennon and Yoko Ono, we do see them driving down the highway engaging in a little oral pleasure.

DAN: "I didn't think we were sex addicts but then we spoke to our friends and it became apparent we were." Or as Chris philosophically adds: "I think we just have sex a lot."

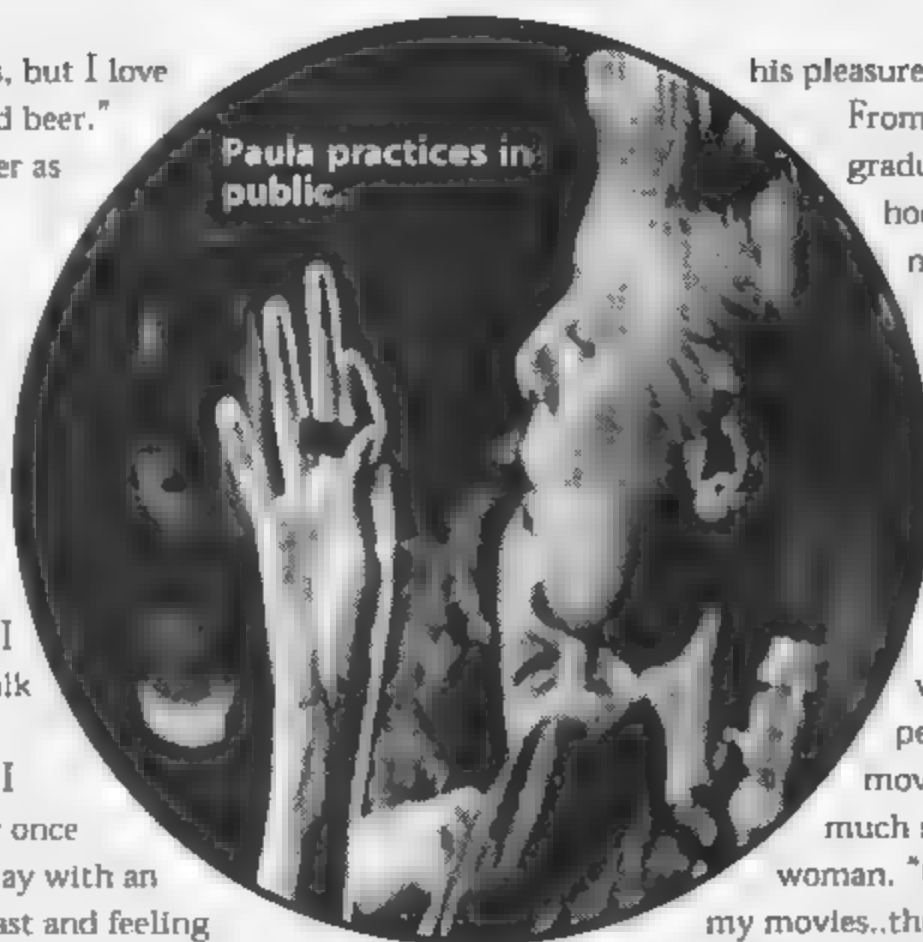


Layla, the massively addicted porn star.

CHRIS: "I think it's fair to say we're very oral. Carrots and beer is my favorite. What you do is, you take a little sip of cold beer in your mouth just before you go down on the cock and you please yourself with a carrot. It must be a fascination with

vegetables, but I love carrots and beer."

However as Chris explains, she's no recent convert to the pleasures of sex. "Before I met Dan, I would chalk up each conquest I remember once doing a play with an all male cast and feeling really proud that I'd gone to bed with virtually all of the cast."



Paula practices in public.

his pleasure."

From there, Lorianne graduated from "Fatty hoo-hoo" to another name. "They called me 'The Viking' because of my endurance. I was almost proud of the nicknames."

However when Layla performs in her movies she becomes a much more confident woman. "Guys who watch my movies...they love fat women. They love my flesh. They love my high rate of giggle-osity."

LORRI/LAYLA

You may remember Lorianne, who also uses the alias Layla ("The Best Lay in LA"), but only when the 300-plus pound beauty is performing in her porn movies.

Lorianne opts to be interviewed while lounging on a sofa while her alter ego, Layla, chooses to be filmed as her mounds of flesh hop naked around the bedroom as she tries to decide what sexy lingerie she will use to wrap around her.

"They used to call me fatty-fatty-hoo-hoo at school. But I was boy-crazy from kindergarten. I would chase them around. Then by the time I had my first car-date with a guy, I was so petrified that I stayed crammed up against the door. I thought it was such a big deal to hold a boy's hand. Then I met a bolder boy and he told me, 'Now you're gonna look at my cock.' But I couldn't look at it. All I'd do is touch it and he'd beat off. But I was mad at him because that's all he was concerned about."

"I figured if you wanted to be popular... you slept with the guys. But I don't even like sex."

—PAULA

"All They Need Is Sex."
Dan and Chris contribute
to world love.



PAULA

By trade a nurse, but in her spare time she's a butch sex addict

"Talk to me at your own risk cause I could hurt you," she warns. But it wasn't always this way for Paula. "I was the perfect child. My family was so normal, it was sickening. I don't know where I got it from but I figured if you wanted to be popular...you slept with the guys. But I don't even like sex. Kissing is the best part of it. But guys got so torqued up if you don't continue—so you go all the way. But I gave sex up. And that lasted 3 days! I used to keep a file box with details on all the people I've slept with and one day I discovered I had over 250 cards."

DAVE

During the day, Dave crunches numbers as an accountant but during the evening hours Dave is a white-trash S/M king determined to administer pain on willing victims.

"I think it started when I was a child. I remember having dinner with my Mom and Dad and I casually called my Mom 'crazy.' Dad was a little upset and whacked me in the face. And so began a series of humiliating beatings in front of my Mom. That's why I'm involved with S/M now."

**"I answered
an ad in a sex
mag. It was
from this
married
couple and
they invited
me to their
house 'to play
doctor and
nurses.'"**

**—PETER
DISCOVERS
MENAGE A
TROIS,
ENGLISH
STYLE**

skinny little Buddha

"When I was a little boy, I met a little girl. She was 6, I was 9. She was a very attractive little girl although I didn't really realize it at the time. Although looking back, I do now. Anyway she was fascinated with my cock. She would point to it but I didn't know what was happening. So we went to the boat house in the backyard and she pointed to it. And it started to rise. That was my first sexual experience. You know it wasn't everyday that this sort of stuff was happening. It made me very excited. Then a multitude of times after that I started to expose myself in the backwoods behind my house which I found incredibly fascinating. I wasn't really sure what was happening but it was incredibly powerful."

PETER

My particular favorite. A wiry little bald English chap, Peter is a performance artist by trade and a sexual wacko by pleasure. Most of his interviews are conducted as he sits cross-legged on the floor not unlike a



**Dave gears up
for another
night of S/M.**



Have the sexier side
Arianna, models
underwear



In case the S/M gig
doesn't work out,
Dave has a safe back-
up plan: Rock Star

But as Peter later details in *I Am A Sex Addict*, his sexual pleasures started going beyond young girls pointing at his pee-pee. "When I was a little older I answered an ad in a sex mag. It was from this married couple and they invited me to their house, 'to play doctor and nurses.' The husband played the nurse and the wife played the doctor. So they wanted me to take a shit in a bucket that was laying in the middle of the room. While this was happening, she was obviously getting sexually excited, [Obviously!] which made me interested. Then they did a funny thing [Like everything up to now has been normal]. The wrapped gauze around my cock, then dipped it in wax with a wick at the end. Then they lit it. I was strapped to a chair—at their mercy. Or rather my cock was at their mercy I was the catalyst for their sexual enjoyment. It was not pleasurable but it was a pleasure to be there."

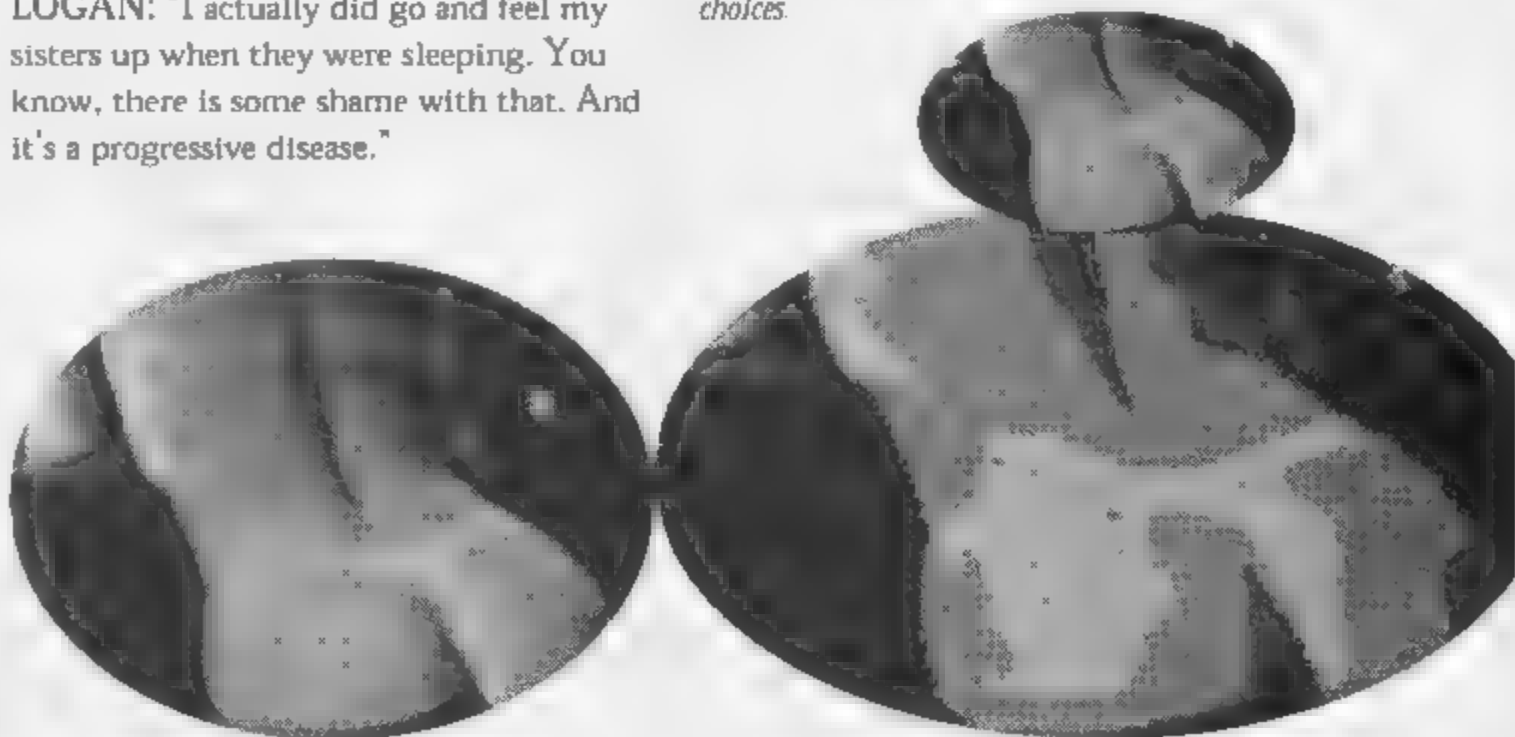
RICKY AND LOGAN

Both Ricky and Logan work in the military and claim to have severe problems with their sexual addiction. Remember, Ricky was the guy who was chasing his cockatiel while Logan was masturbating 4 times a day at work.

LOGAN: "I actually did go and feel my sisters up when they were sleeping. You know, there is some shame with that. And it's a progressive disease."

Poor Ricky can only look on when Logan confesses to incestuous rape and add, "It was a really shameful way to be." Oh, really? **[TV-14]**

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For those aspiring filmmakers who want to make a film but have no desire to go through years of film school, never fear, it is possible! As Rachel Amodeo shows with her feature *WHAT ABOUT ME*

WHAT ABOUT

RACHEL AMODEO, 33, born in Italy and raised in Iowa, has been living in Manhattan since 1982. A first time independent film maker, she wrote, produced, directed and starred in her own B&W, 16mm feature length film, *What About Me*. And it's even better than films made by those who struggled through many grueling years of film school. *What About Me* is a story of a girl named Lisa Napolitano (played by Amodeo) whose luck ran out as soon as she was born. Lisa ends up homeless on the streets of New York City and has about every bad experience one could imagine.

The film opens with a dream sequence that is symbolic of her future demise, in which a beautiful girl in white (Lisa) gets on her bicycle and leaves home with her dog following behind, reminiscent of Dorothy and Toto going off to find the land of Oz. They pass statues of angels in the cemetery accompanied by the tranquil tunes of the harp, a foreshadowing of her fate as Lisa rides her bike right off a cliff, only to become an angel herself. Her lifeless body is flung down the cliff side, attaching itself to a tree like a wet noodle. Reincarnated into the body of a baby, we find Lisa in the arms of her

father in the ideal suburban home.

Cut to: Lisa as a grown woman living with her aunt in New York, her mother dead and her father long gone. She is reminiscing of her mother and her brother Vito and is in need of a job.

Lisa bids farewell to her aunt to roam the streets and is approached by a homeless woman (played by Judy Carne, the Sock It To-Me-Girl of *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*). Carne is only one of the many notorious people appearing in

the film. "Life is irony. It's always people that you least expect to help you who end up helping you," says Amodeo. She met Carne at a friend's house but didn't realize who she was. Nevertheless, Amodeo really connected with the actress and felt like she knew her. Carne ended up playing a role in her movie.



WEARING TWO HATS: Amodeo (top) the director, and (bottom) the actress.



because she was so impressed by the filmmaker's work, and was willing to take time out for a good project.

Amodeo had been a drummer in rock and roll bands for most of her life, and when her last band broke up she decided she wanted to do something creative and meaningful on her own: make a film. At the time (1989), there was a homeless

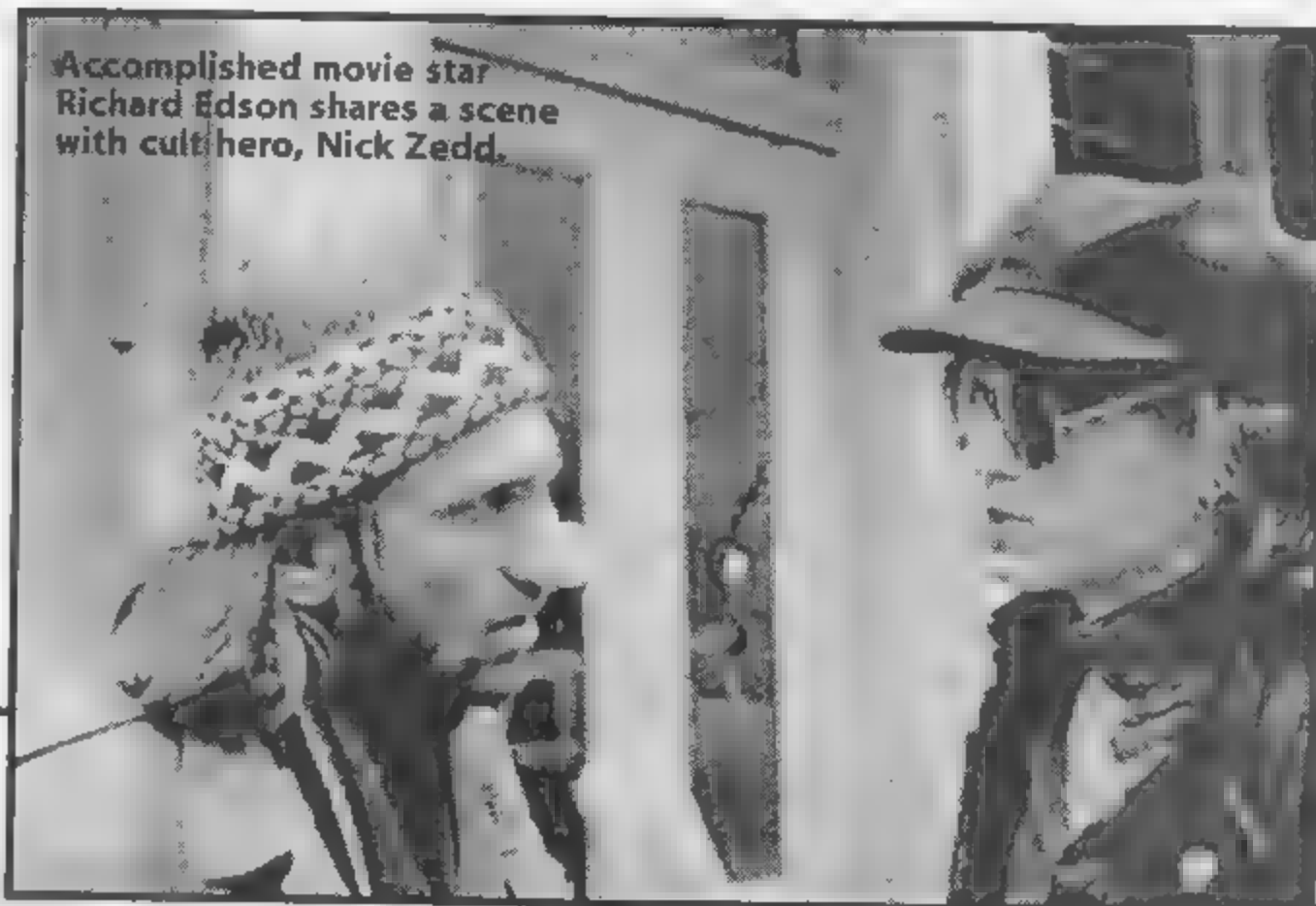
AMODEO?

by Jennifer Lockwood

encampment in New York's Tompkins Square Park. She could see the park from her window and always wondered how the people living there ended up like that

She explains, "I had talked to a few of the homeless people in the park because I was hanging out there in the night and I would go through there just to get the feel of what was going down." Amodeo had heard that the park was full of drug addicts, but came to the realization that there are drug addicts no matter where you go, and that most of the homeless there had basically just had a series of

Accomplished movie star Richard Edson shares a scene with cult hero, Nick Zed.



A COUPLE OF NEW YORK DOLLS: Johnny Thunders and Amodeo.



"It's not about being some big star in a big house with lots of money. You've got to help people and you've got to have have compassion, and a lot of people just don't."

—RACHEL AMODEO

bad breaks. Amodeo's own brother was drafted into the Vietnam war on his 18th birthday and had malaria when he got out. A lot of the people in the park had similar stories as her brother, who died when he was only 32 from Agent Orange. Many of the homeless people from the park appear in her film. The guy upon whom one of the main characters was based on had even gone to law school, but found himself in the park with nowhere to go, claiming it was safer in the park than in a homeless shelter. One of the reasons *What About Me* is such an effective film is because it makes the audience realize that homelessness could be right around the corner. It brings fear into our hearts and fear is a very powerful emotion. "A lot of people who have come to see my film can relate because they've been so close so many times," she says adding, "some stupid little thing can change the whole course of your life." Even the director found herself sleeping in her car three different times while she was living in Santa Barbara, and claims she was lucky to even have the car. "The story is a composite of true life stories that most



"The story is a composite of true life stories that most people don't get a chance to see, like the East Village underworld."

—AMODEO



people don't get a chance to see, like the East Village underworld. It's a unique use of the homeless encampment, portraying them all as human beings and not as statistics."

Down and out in New York City, the first guy Lisa meets runs off with her suitcase. She then tries to get a room at a sleazy motel with the \$5 she got from selling her coat. In her room is a giant painting of the Statue of Liberty, the symbol of freedom which brings Lisa to insane laughter and tears. The next day she meets Nick (played by Richard Edson of *Eight Men Out*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *Do The Right Thing*) while trying to sell her dolls on the

street. He purchases a doll and then neglects to take it with him, leaving an indelible impression in her mind. She stumbles upon a cart into which she places her stuff, the look in her eyes showing the resolution that she is now an official bag lady. All innocence is lost but she still manages to keep one doll. Hunched over from sickness and cold, she looks up and lo and behold, there's Nick. His good spirits cheer her up and finally she is not alone. This may very well be the "special kind of love" she has sought all her life. He buys her a "beautiful milk shake for my ugly girlfriend" in the dead of winter.

The next character we meet is a homeless Vietnam veteran, played by Dee Dee Ramone. The filmmaker feels very strongly about the plight of the Vietnam veteran, especially after having lost her own brother in real life. "A lot of those guys got really screwed up in

the war and when they came home they were laughed at and got no respect, and a lot of them ended up really fucked up."

The character of Nick is basically a good guy who got screwed up from Vietnam. He takes her under his wing and brings her to his home which is actually the basement of an old run down apartment building. She is extremely hesitant once she sees the grim living conditions. He tells her she looks like the Statue of Liberty, of which she has never been. He promises to take her there. Says Amodeo, "I thought, where would two homeless people be able to go on vacation? The Statue of Liberty." The promise on the statue states, 'bring me your homeless, your hungry...' Ironically, the statue is supposed to symbolize freedom but people come here from all over the world and starve to death."

The next day, Nick is drunk and has a change of heart, refusing to take Lisa to the statue. In comes Tom, played by Nick Zedd (*Police State*), actor and underground filmmaker. Tom pushes Nick down after he becomes physically violent with Lisa. Tom takes her away, offering her food and a home for a few days. He turns out to be a crack fiend and Lisa even ends up trying some

Meanwhile, Nick has sobered up and goes searching for Lisa, claiming "She's got a lot of problems but without her I'm nothing." Amodeo explains the relationship between Nick and Lisa, saying, "These two people met under really bad circumstances and *their* reality is the harsh reality of life. Homelessness quickly dooms their relationship."

The two help each other out, without him she probably would have been raped about five more times and without her, he'd be a bigger mess than he already was. "It's not about who you are, it's about what you're made of and what you do for other people. I think that is what soul progression is all about. It's not about being some big star in a big house with lots of money. You've got to help people and you've got to have compassion, and a lot of people just don't." Of Richard Edson's extremely



Lisa tries to wangle a trip to The Statue Of Liberty out of Nick.

powerful performance as Nick, she says, "I cry every time I see it."

Desperate for help, she turns to her brother Vito, played by Johnny Thunders. Amodeo loved Thunders' music and wanted to use some of his songs in her film, particularly because he had written a song called "Help the Homeless." She also wanted to cast a part for him in her film, but could not think of one. Johnny loved the footage he saw and came up with the idea of playing the role of Lisa's brother. "He compliments the film and underscores a certain sort of jaded romanticism of a lifestyle that most people at one time or another have fantasized about," says Rachel.

Most of the characters in *What About Me* are the real thing. Amodeo feels that non-actors are really effective because they work honestly. When you get a person who has taken too many classes in acting, they are too hung up. These people were so real," says the director, "But you've got to let people go a little bit, and learn to not be so strict with the script. If you let people go, you'd be surprised with the magic that will come out. It's something that comes out from within, something that is just not planned."

Because they felt so strongly about the project, everyone worked for free except for the S.A.G. members who agreed to get paid the minimum rate just because they believed in the film. Her editor, Esther Regelson, worked four years for free, exclaiming "Rachel, take the rest of your life to pay me but you will."

When asked what the reaction to the film was, being a first time filmmaker and also a woman, she replied "People that go to see the film love it. My worst audience has been the press, they just don't get it. That's the only part that hurts me," she sighs.

Her next projects include a fairy tale Alfred Hitchcock sort of film that she would like to shoot if she can find financing. She is also working on two different feature stories, one is a period piece and the other is another New York City-type film but it will be more of a rock and roll gangster movie. As far as the future of *What About Me* she believes that the right person will see the film and it will get the respect it deserves. "I loved the experience I had," Amodeo concludes. "I wouldn't trade that for anything. If I died tomorrow I'd be happy that I was able to even have that one experience." **(TM)**

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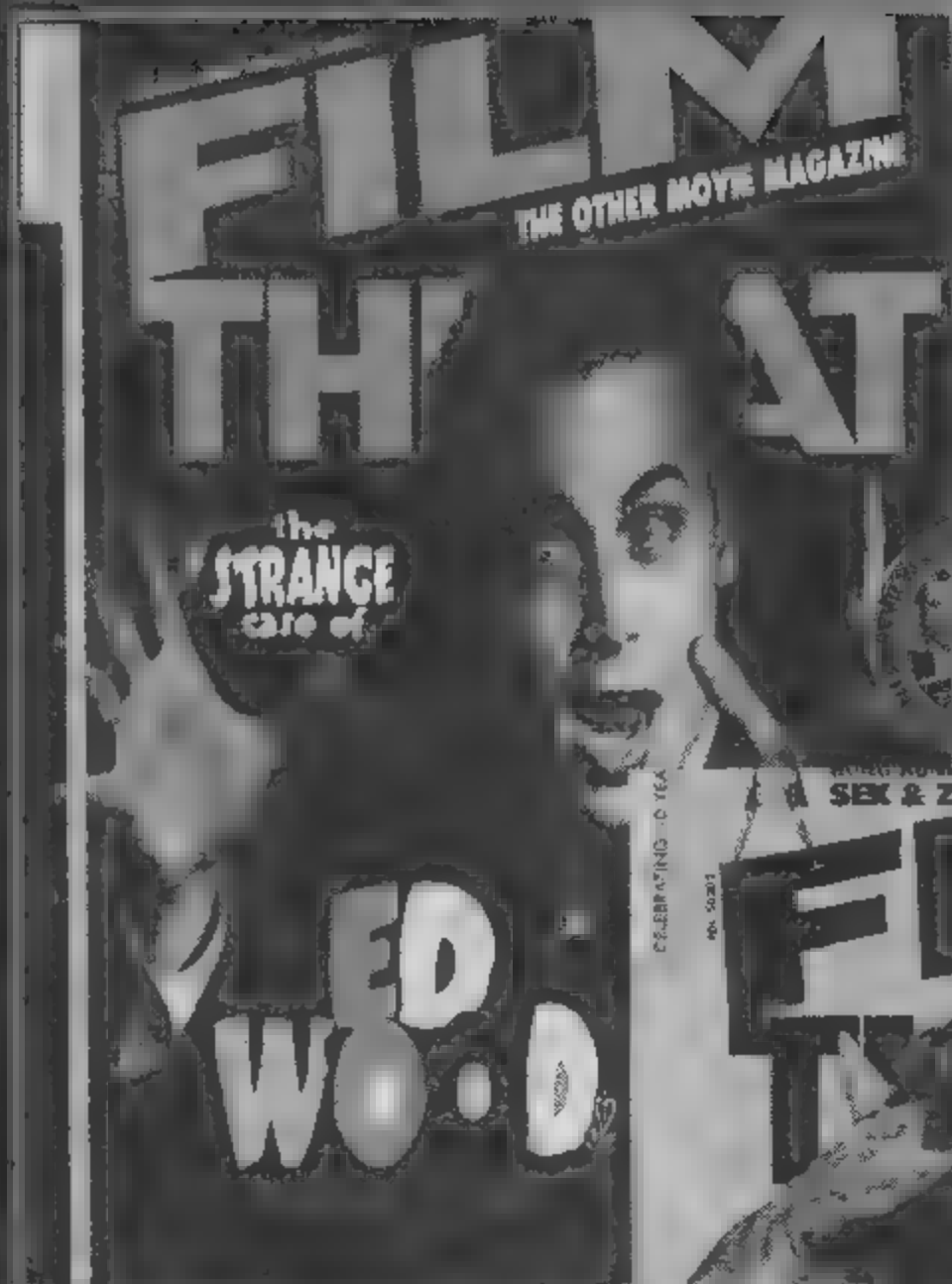
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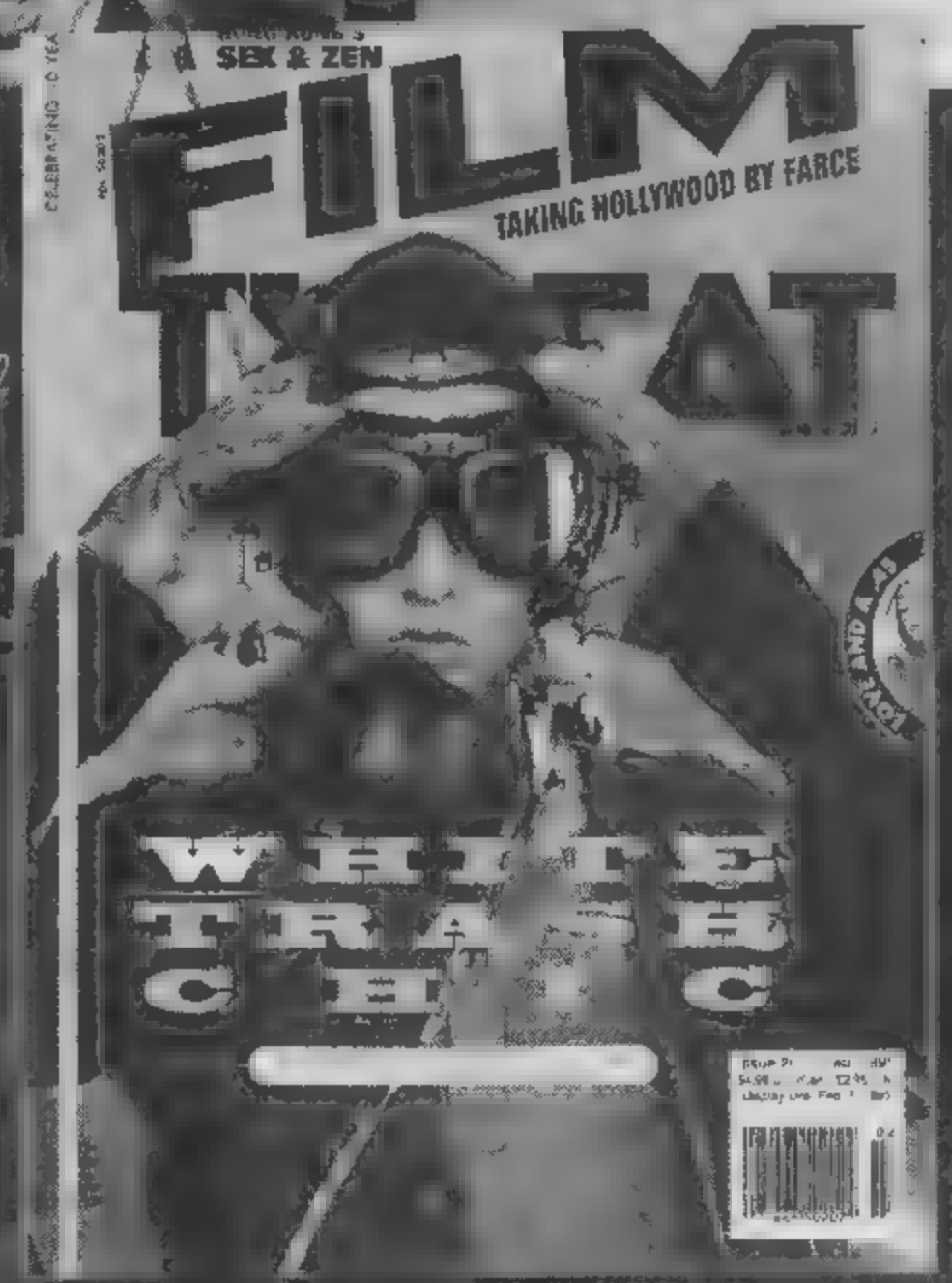
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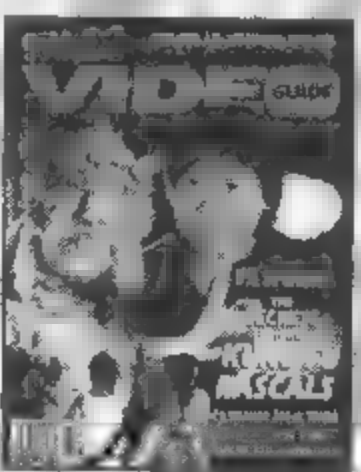
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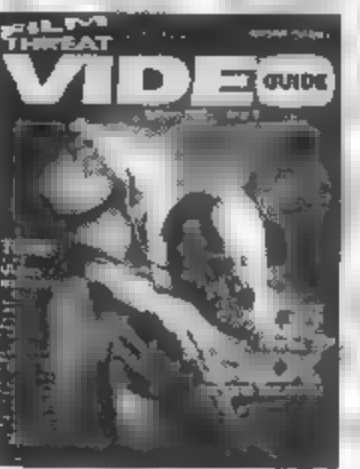
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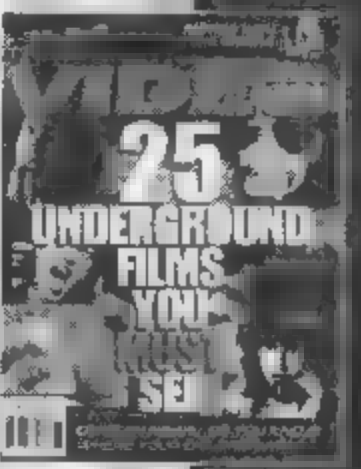
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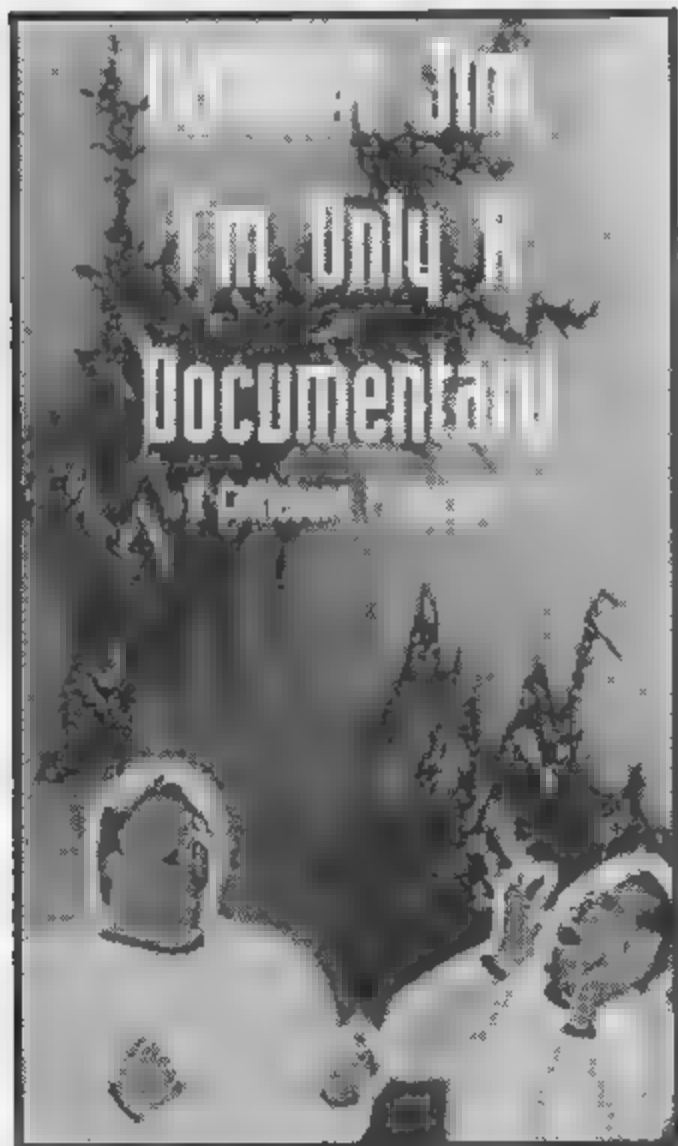
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ENGAGING TWERP SPEED

by Paul Zies



IN HIS VIDEO *DAMMIT JIM, I'M ONLY A DOCUMENTARY*, director Marq Morrison takes a peek inside the hotel banquet halls of *Star Trek* conventions and gives us a frightfully nasty taste of what really goes on in *their* otherwise forbidden zone. This documentary maps out the sci-fi universe through set-up interviews with space-age creatures caught in Morrison's dragnet. While it doesn't contain any *verite* footage documenting a day in the life of a "Trekkie" (which contains endless

possibilities for hilarity and mean-spirited fun) this "Spockumentary" remains entertaining and informative.

"Everyone can't be Kirk," complains one Trekkie. The words mean oh so much to the committed few. Morrison delves into the schizophrenic underbelly of the *Star Trek* phenomenon. He shows us that these people dress up as Klingons because they want to be a bad ass MoFo for a little while. Dweebs are people too; they have fantasies to be fulfilled and women to impress. And if you don't have an awesome body, a Harley, a job with the CIA, forty-two million dollars or a great personality, you need to find a place where you can be anything you want to be. You become James T. Kirk, you walk around in a goofy (to us non-Trekkies) costume or become a Klingon for a day. *Dammit Jim* perpetrates the idea that being in a motorcycle gang or being a Klingon are one in the same for these people.

But it's a jolly big pill to swallow. For most of the people out there who are mild to hard core *Star Trek* fans, I do agree that it is just a fascination. Meaning that if *Star Trek* no longer existed in any way shape or form, they could carry on—it would take some time—but they could cope. The persons featured in *Dammit Jim, I'm Only A Documentary* are not simply fascinated, they are out of their friggin' minds. I know these are the same



KLINGON BABE: Out to lunch or just gone where nobody wants to go?

people who were beaten senseless day after day in high school. One particular innovative fellow made a full-body Borg costume out of car upholstery for bloody hell! He's walking around a hotel convention room wearing the back seat of a car that he has been sewing together, by hand, for the last eight months. Then Morrison tries to fool you with an interview involving two seemingly sane individuals who represent a *Star Trek* club. They look like two normal

What would it be like to actually mingle with those who go where no men have gone before? So asks the film **DAMMIT JIM, I'M ONLY A DOCUMENTARY.**

caucasian males from somewhere around the Michigan area. They are not wearing pointy ears or costumes. Just two guys with short hair and short pants talking about their club. They then knit a twisted tale describing the horrors they have had to go through in order to keep the direction and purpose of their club intact. You begin feeling sympathetic towards these two. You start thinking, "Hey, these guys aren't so bad. All they want to do is have a club where they can discuss the political significance of the *Star Trek* episodes." That really, really hit me—these two guys were just two *guys*—wanting a little bit of companionship while at the same time holding intelligent conversations about the social implications of *Star Trek*. They even had to kick members out of their club because they weren't taking it seriously, giving James T. Kirk and Gene Roddenberry the respect they deserve.

This is when the roof caves in. It turns out that they ended up kicking out all of the members (aside from themselves) because the offending infidels thought the costumes were *funny* and didn't treat the meeting room like a karate dojo. Uh oh. The high-tech polymer duo then offer to give an example of what they do in their meetings, the two of them together, in front of the camera. Brace yourselves!

I guess Morrison must have had his camcorder off for the four minutes it

took these guys to take a couple of hits off of a crack pipe, because the next time we see them they are complete opposites of the cool young men giving an interview on a comfortable-looking leather couch. These two jokers are hopping up and down, one of them starts barking out orders *à la* Captain Kirk, the other guy reacts and responds by channeling into other character voices, all culminating in an LSD-induced, homo-erotic, self-destruction scene. At that moment, I know my father would have thrown the remote



Car upholstery is just one of the many genius ways to help you look like a cool geek, er, Borg.

So why should the *Star Trek* devotees, or "Trekkies" be pinned as being sociopathic nerds who can't get laid?

control down and said, "Fuckin' A, what the hell is this?" There is nothing harmless or normal about it anymore. These are scary people.

We do it every day as a culture. Our

society creates idealic roles by glorifying them in the media, namely movies. We tap into characters that could take us away from our drab and dreary lives that are just waiting to end and we emulate them to such an extent where we might use a character's one liner in one of our own daily situations. Have you ever said, "HASTA LA VISTA, BABY", "GO AHEAD, MAKE MY DAY", or "WE'RE NOT WORTHY"? Christ, what about, "SOMEBODY STOP ME!"? So why should the *Star Trek* devotees, or "Trekkies" be pinned as being sociopathic nerds who can't get

ALTMAN AND FRIEND
(L to R): See, a *Star Trek*
preoccupation *isn't* dangerous
to your social life!



**"The Kennedy-esque
Captain Kirk became a
cultural icon and
embodied a new
frontier of hope as a
vision for America."**

—TREKSPERT MARK ALTMAN

laid? What's the difference between The Fonz giving you a thumbs up and Spock doing that Vulcan thing and wishing you a long and prosperous life? Fonzie was cool and got the chicks while Leonard Nimoy wore pointy ears and seldom got laid.

If you have no self-esteem, no sense of direction, no self-worth, what do you do? You don't know what you want from life; yet, you seek

adventure, self-challenge and discipline. Where do you go?

What about the people who don't dress up and wear pointy ears? There are some folks out there, dare I say *intellectuals*, who have a weakness for the *Star Trek* variety. Marq Morrison didn't find any of them in his documentary. Is it fair to lump them together with the glue-sniffing masses? "No," says Mark Altman, author of the definitive *Trek* tome, *Captain's Logs* and editor-in-chief of the successful *Sci-Fi Universe* magazine. [self-described as "for sci-fi fans with a life."] Altman attributes the longevity of the *Star Trek* phenomenon to, "The quality of its writing and the idealistic characteristics of the 1960's era James T. Kirk." Furthermore, he theorizes "The Kennedy-esque Captain Kirk became a cultural icon and embodied a new frontier of hope as a vision for America."

"I still get laid," argues this self-titled "Trekspert" despite the fact that he never hid his love of *Star Trek* as a kid. He even goes as far as saying that at one of those *Trek* conventions in Arizona, perhaps the one Morrison shot, "I was asked by one lunatic if I had any groupies and if she could in fact be one!" Altman claims he passed.

But the usually pacified editor gets riled when people try to generalize and stereotype sci-fi fans, as I discovered

when I hinted that sci-fi fans are the same people who claim to see UFO's. "Most of the people who claim to see those things are *on something*. Extraterrestrials do not exist. Crop circles are bullshit," he screamed. And as far as life on other planets goes, Altman snapped into a Slim Jim and said, "There may be life on other planets but they haven't come here." Although he has great respect for J.T. Kirk, Altman surprised me by saying that if *Star Trek* wasn't buttering his bread, he'd rather chronicle the fandom of *Have Gun, Will Travel* and would love to be Jack Palance.

Who do we side with? Are there even two sides? Morrison could have been mocking the heck out of these people with *Dammit Jim, I'm Only A Documentary*. Perhaps it's not our place to decide. Maybe we should hold on to the mystery of this phenomenon for what it is—a mystery. **[TV-6]**

**LOOK WHAT I LEARNED
IN COLLEGE, MOM:
Another Trekkie gone
over the edge.**



**Tom Selleck
wanna-be and
(most
frighteningly)
Florida
native, Paul
Zies with his
special
friend.**





"A man who puts on a dress to fulfill a fantasy and a man who wears pointy ears to fulfill a fantasy are essentially doing the same thing."

MATTHEW BARTKUS, M.D.

IN ORDER TO EDUCATE MY TUNNEL VISION VIEW OF THE PERSONS DEPICTED IN *DAMMIT JIM, I'M ONLY A DOCUMENTARY*, I SPOKE WITH A NATIONALLY RENOWNED PSYCHIATRIST.

Matthew Bartkus, M.D. has been a practicing psychiatrist in Beverly Hills, CA for the last eleven years. He is married and has four children, none of which are involved with the *Trek* lifestyle but says he found *Dammit Jim* intriguing.

Is being a Trekkie necessarily a bad thing?
No one can generalize and say that being a *Star Trek* fan is detrimental. Anything taken to an extreme, to a point where that sole action or substance encompasses ones every thought, is indeed a bad thing.

So you wouldn't consider the guys in the documentary to be out of touch with reality?
Again, it's specific for each individual. I'd like to emphasize that anything taken to an extreme or to the point where it becomes harmful, be it psychologically or socially, to an individual is definitely a bad thing. For example, a person who chooses to diet in order to achieve an ideal weight—let's say a five foot four individual that weighs two hundred and fifty pounds decides to consult a physician and take on a supervised program of diet and exercise so that they may become a more "healthy" person, that could not be called harmful behavior. Whereas, if an individual has some outside pressures or displays tendencies which may suggest a bulimic or anorexic state, and diets to such an extent where they cause themselves physical harm, this can be considered a bad thing. So to say that dieting is bad would not be correct. Similarly, one can not generalize and say being a *Star Trek* fanatic is an intrinsically bad thing.

You don't see anything wrong with putting on pointy ears or dressing up as a Klingon?

But come on, these people think they are Klingons.
For those who do believe

that, however, for those who enjoy dressing up and fulfilling a fantasy—whether it be becoming a Klingon, cowboy, or a woman as they can separate the two from one another and recognize it as completely normal behavior.

ears, it's basically the same thing?
In theory, yes. In practice, no. A man who puts on a dress to fulfill a fantas

very different methods to achieve very different ends.

the same category?
Yes, everyone fits into that ca

you have once wanted to be something or someone you are not.

Thomas Magnum.

long as you understand that you are not the television character Thomas Magnum nor the actor Tom Selleck.

But I don't devote my life to being Thomas Magnum. These Trekkies have gone to the extent of making costumes, tricorders, buying books about Star Trek, going to conventions

Do you own any Hawaiian shirts?
Yes, but

Have you ever wanted to drive a Ferrari, or perhaps you've even cut out

Thomas Magnum and you emulate them. An individual may find

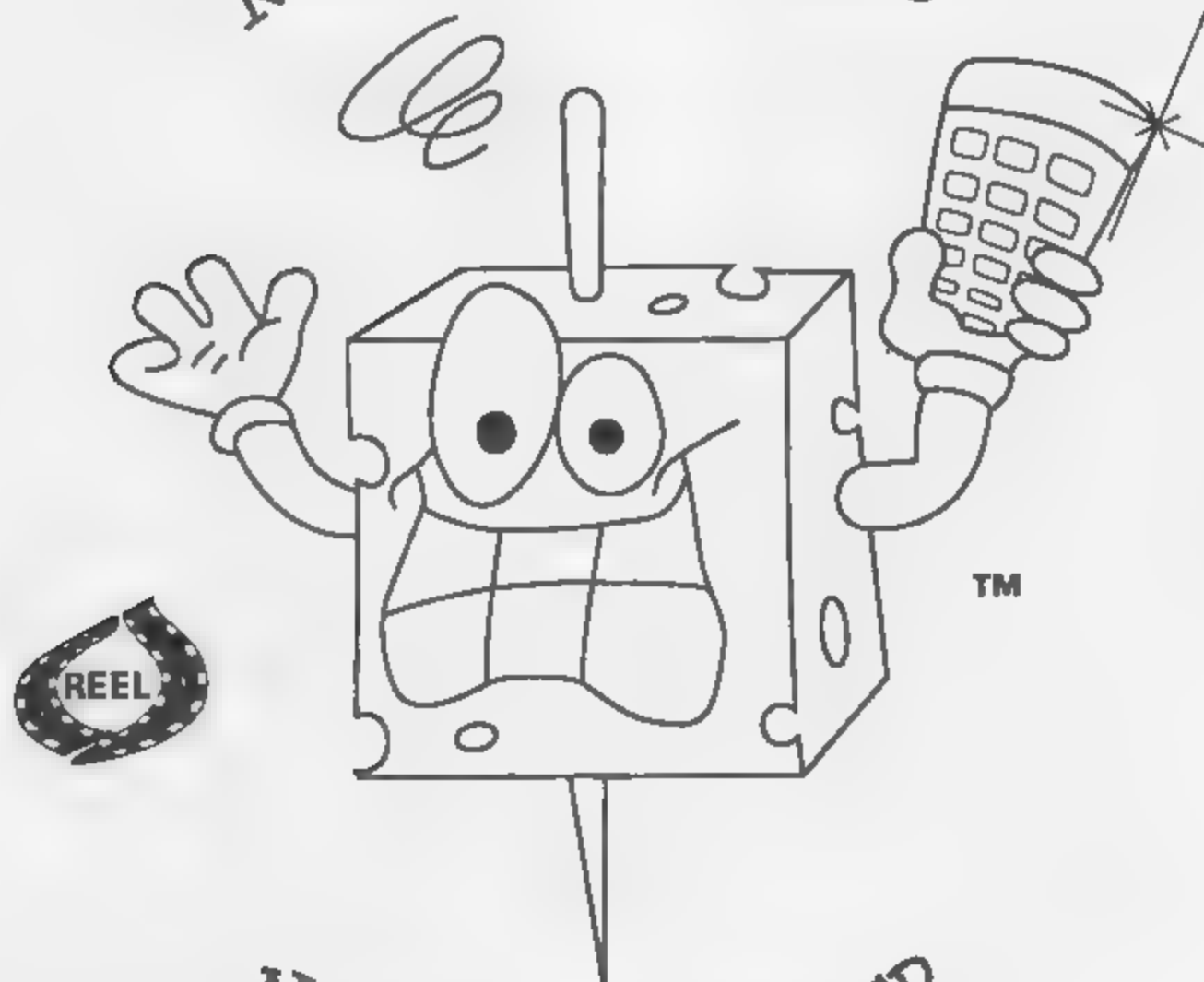
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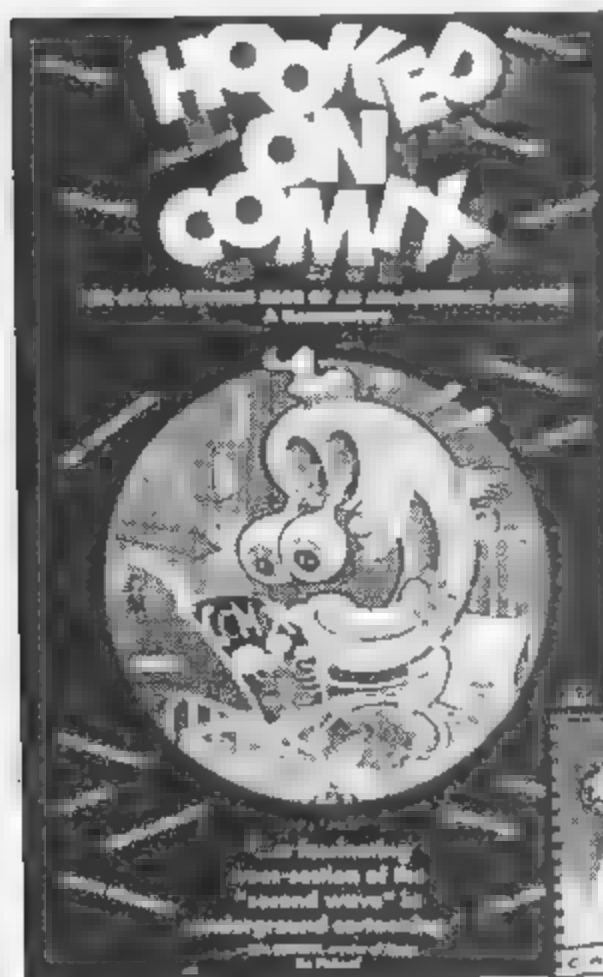


PURE ROCK
Q104.3



AMERICA IS

Although Seattle is currently best known for giving birth to grunge music, it could become the flagwaver for the country's latest craze as David P. Moore's documentary, **HOOKED ON COMIX** details.

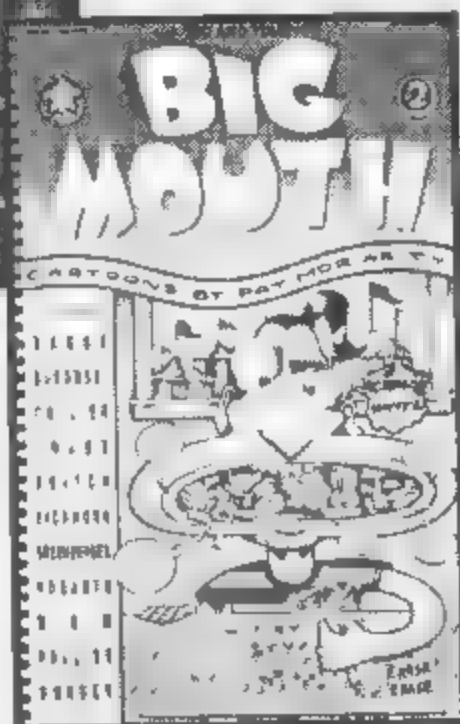


IN THE 1950'S, AMERICA'S cozy little post-war dream was threatened. Our lives had grown mundane and monotonous and from our discontent sprang the likes of the Commie backed Progressive Party, Elvis Presley and soul-blackening comic books like *Tales From The Crypt*. In a reactionary move to save the innocent minds of its youth, America fought back with Senator Joseph McCarthy's House Committee on Un-American

Activities, the innocuous musical stylings of Fabian and the once-limiting Comics Code.

The Code was self-policing tool designed by comic book publishers to shelter young readers from the realities of a world that was changing too fast. Sex, foul language, and "political diversity" were forbidden by The Code. Again, America slept, until the 1960s, when artists like R. Crumb (the father of ironic counterculture book *Pittz the Cat*) began creating—outside the constraints of the outdated Code—raw, ribald and downright funny comix that captured the

audience they demanded. Alternative comix were born.



As featured in **HOOKED ON COMIX**, Pat Moriarity's book, **BIG MOUTH**.

Today's alternative comix scene is in the midst of a resurgence as "alternative" is cool once again—and believe it or not Seattle is the center of this new movement.

Now, filmmaker David P. Moore has documented the scene in his film, *Hooked On Comix*, a film he felt needed to be made. "Other than the minor treatment given the [alternative comix] scene in *Comic Book Confidential*, there hadn't been any real attention given to the subject, and I thought I could do a good job with it," he says.

This hour-long feature boasts interviews with 19 of the most talented and prominent artists working today, and sheds an interesting light on this newly rediscovered genre. In it, the artists speak openly on topics like inspiration and

"An artist I know of from Florida named Mike Diana was jailed for his book *Boiled Angel*." The one drawing the COP took issue with was of a priest—legs amputated, stumps bloody—sprouting devil's horns and holding a grail engraved with the words "AIDS-infected blood of Christ."

—MOORE ON THE DANGERS OF COMIX

HOOKED ON COMIX

by Robert Newton



From **BIG MOUTH**, a strip from **Bukowski and Moriarity**.

And the importance of a day job! Among the artists featured in the film are Peter Bagge (*Hate*), Chester Brown (*Yummy Fur*, *Ed the Happy Clown*), Dan Clowes (*Eightball*), Julie Doucet (*Dirty Plotte*), Roberta Gregory (*Naughty Bits*), and the Hernandez Brothers (*Love and Rockets*).

When interviewed Moore struck me as unassuming and ego free. His talent was evidenced by his efficient approach to his craft, which I define as high-quality, no-budget availabilist filmmaking.

When did the alternative comix scene start?
The underground comix scene started in the mid 1960s. Most books were sold in head shops, so you had to be 18 to buy them. They were hard to come by, so a lot of the kids who wanted to read them had to rely on older brothers for their fix, or they'd just steal the books from them to get off. A lot of the underground artists working today will tell you a similar story.

How did you become interested?
Audrey [Mandelbaum, Moore's co-producer and fiancée of 4 years] and I were always into comix, but our interest progressed as our relationship did. My favorite artist is Dan Clowes. The first book I bought was *Eightball* in 1988. I've been pretty much hooked since.

What are some common themes in underground comix today?
Humor has always been popular. Autobiographical comix are pretty popular, too. They're a lot easier to write because you know what you're writing about. Real life is usually funnier than

"We're kind of embarrassed by what we were going to call the film. We were considering *Grunge Graphics*."

—DIRECTOR DAVID MOORE ON HOW HE NEARLY WRECKED HIS FILM.

anything anyone could dream up, really. Political comix are easy, too. Donna Barr writes about Nazis [in her book *Desert Peach*, about German tank commander Rommel's fictional gay brother]. Joe Sacco writes about the PLO [*Palestine*]. You name it, anything goes.

Why Seattle?

The scene got big in Seattle because of Fantagraphics [the independent publisher of hundreds of comix titles] moving there. Artists moved there because of them. Alternative comix are big in Seattle, and in

general, cartoonists are treated pretty well there. Since we had next to no money, and since there was such a high concentration of talent there, that's where we shot *Hooked*. There's also a tie-in with the music scene there. Artists do a lot of album covers and posters. We're kind of embarrassed by what we were going to call the film. We were considering *Grunge Graphics*. We opted not.

Do you consider comix to be ART art?

Definitely. I just wish more people would think of them as art and not just a lowly book for kids or disposable trash entertainment like a newspaper. Comic books in general are treated as more of an art form and literature almost everywhere else in the world.

Founding comix artists like R. Crumb have a reputation for being misogynistic. Does this attitude still typify comix?

There's been a move away from that sort of thing. Some of the older artists are still that way, but comix have become diverse enough so as not to have to depend on cheap laughs all the time.

Censorship is away a touchy issue with artists. What's the climate like today?

An artist I know of from Florida named Mike Diana was jailed for his book, *Bailed Angel*. Apparently, he mailed a copy of it to a man in California who happened to be a cop and he decided to pass it on to some powerful friends. The one drawing that the cop took issue with was of a priest—legs amputated, bloody stumps—sprouting devil's horns

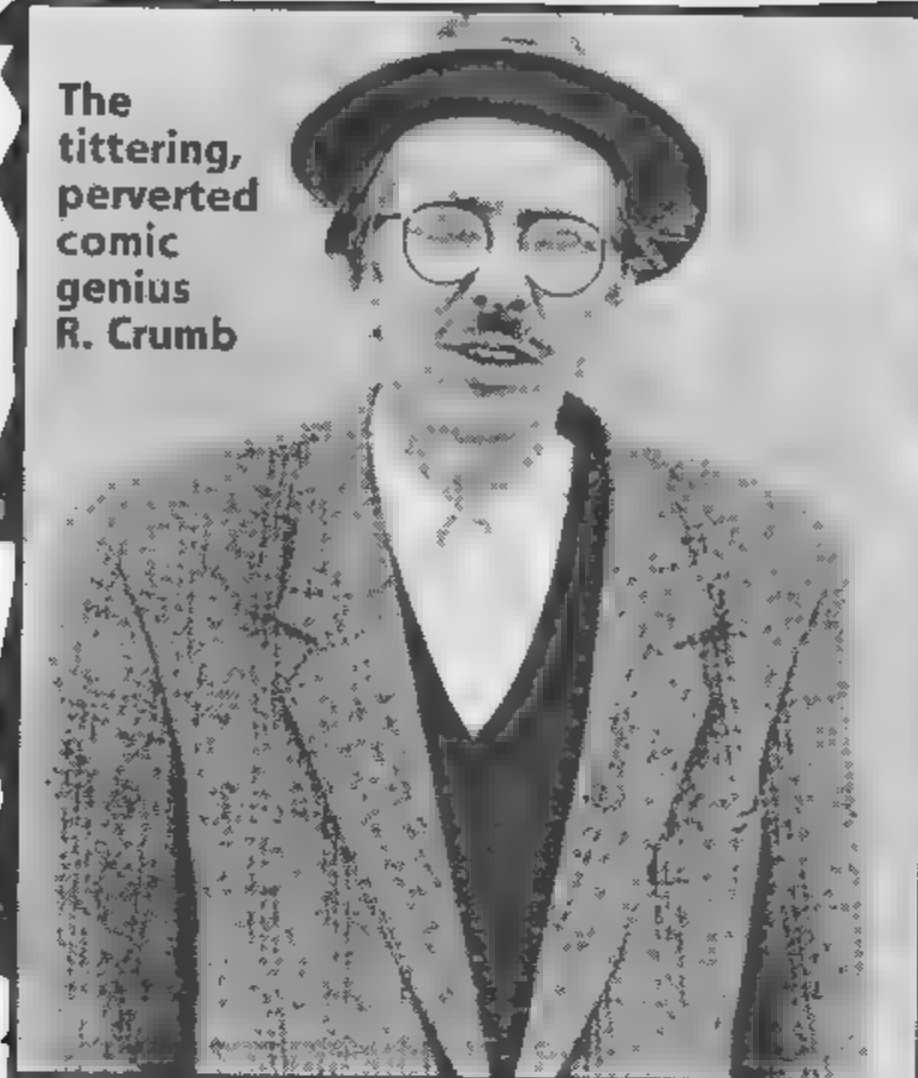
and holding a grail engraved with the words "AIDS-infected blood of Christ." There's also a drawing of another priest impaling a little boy's head on his [holy member]. The caption reads "Priests Fuck Little Boys." I'd love to get an interview with this guy. Some of his work was being shown at a gallery in Chicago called The Goat. The police showed up and busted him. Now he's back in Florida. He's not allowed to see anyone under 18—as he's a danger to kids. He's not even allowed to draw certain things. The court has ordered him to see a psychiatrist—that he's supposed to pay for himself and do community service. It's all pretty ridiculous.



One of JR Williams more popular strips, *Kind Of A Drag* as featured in his comic book CRAP.



The
tittering,
perverted
comic
genius
R. Crumb



on the air on time. I moved on to producing and directing commercials, mini-documentaries and infomercials. I managed to borrow all the equipment and editing time we needed to put the project together. Luckily, my boss was cool about it. The only money we really spent was on tape, film, and a road trip to San Francisco and Vancouver. I'd say it cost about \$500 to produce. Everything else was pretty much scammed.

The film looks pretty slick. What did you shoot it on?

Some 3/4" tape, some Hi-8 and Super 8 film. It took about three years to shoot, because most of it was done on weekends, since I was working full-time and freelancing

Where is the alternative comix scene headed? Hopefully, it will grow with the alternative music scene. A big obstacle is the stores—they're a big problem. Most comic book stores cater to 13 year-old boys. You walk into one of these places and you can feel the testosterone in the air. Alternative record stores are hopeful, though.

Do you disapprove of the term "alternative"? I don't make a big thing about it. It's just a word

Do you have any favorite "alternative" filmmakers?

Bad Boy Bobby was the last film I really liked. It was a seedy slice-of-life, like *Blue Velvet*. I like that sort of thing.

Forgive the trite closer, but, 'Why did you make this film?' [spoken like Thurston Howell III, with jaw locked and nose turned up] [Laughs.] I really love a lot of these artists' work and would like to see their comix more readily-available so they might build greater audiences. **FIVE**

Hooked on Comix is now available through FILM THREAT VIDEO and competing comix stores.

Why is it so hard to make a living as a comix artist?

Like most arts, it's pretty hard to break into the business. Self published fanzines are the way most people start. Even if you get your own book, there's no telling how it will sell. Most artists have day jobs, though. Some of the artists we interviewed worked for Fantagraphics doing different things [like penciling, lettering, and color separating—working on other artist's books]

*You feature quite a few female artists in the *Hooked*, like Julie Doucet, Mary Fleener, Carel Moiseiwitsch, and the enigmatically-named Triangle-Slash. How would you define their style?*

Everyone has their own style and influences and a unique way of telling their stories. *Hooked On Comix* presents good representation of some of the female artists working today. We would have liked to have featured more, but we were a bit limited financially. Maybe next time.

Are you planning another Comix installment? I'd like to do another—maybe a sequel. I'm looking into raising some capital now. I'm working on a TV project now called *The Beer Drinker's Guide to Global Politics*, and am co-producing a pilot on technology.

How'd it all start for you?

I was working for a huge cable conglomerate. I started in public access, making sure town meetings and stuff got

CRUMB



REVIEW

Although more renowned for his *Fritz The Cat* and *Keep On Truckin'* works, cartoonist Robert Crumb throughout the 70s—and to a lesser degree the 80s—produced some of the most inspiring, provoking, hysterical but more importantly, extremely twisted, comix in America. Many a punchline name him as the precursor to the style of irreverent humor that has made *The Simpsons* so popular. Exactly what inspired the man who resembles a perverted civil servant to such work?

That's the question director Terry Zwigoff tackles in the "must see" documentary *Crumb*. Throughout the documentary, R. Crumb rchortles nervously as he recounts the disaster that his childhood was. Shot over a 7-year long period, Crumb's friends and family help authenticate all the tales of sex abuse and insanity that was just part of the daily mix of growing up in the Crumb household.

San Francisco based Zwigoff is a personal friend of the artist, which allowed him access to Crumb and his merry family that previously was unheard of. Such friendship between a director and his subject often leads to fluff, but the director pulls absolutely no punches in this very matter-of-fact piece. You're left bewildered as the entire family proves they "plucked all their peaches before they were ripe and fuzzy."

However, it's not an exploitive piece that tries to hit you on the head with shock value; rather, you're left even more surprised and disturbed with the "ordinary" manner in which his family recalls the horrific times of days gone by.

A fan of the artist or not, *Crumb* makes for riveting viewing.

.....—Dominic Griffin

CRUMB-DE-DUM- DUM-DUM



OR, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOMEONE FOLLOWS YOU
WITH A CAMERA FOR 7 YEARS

BY PAUL ZIMMERMAN

UNDERGROUND COMIC artist Robert Crumb, who, with his Coke-bottle glasses, tiny mustache and tweed jacket, resembles a perverted librarian, giggles through everything. Throughout the new documentary *Crumb*, as his family and friends recount tales of sex, abuse and insanity, the controversial artist punctuates each tiny atrocity with a nervous titter. "I cut out hundreds of those," director Terry Zwigoff says, shaking his head. "He laughs after everything." Someone once mentioned that a laugh is really a scream at 78 rpm. If that's true, Crumb has plenty to scream about.

As *The Thin Blue Line* was to '88 and *Roger and Me* to '89, *Crumb* is to 1995. So dim the lights and fire up the projector, the documentary event of the year has arrived. Helmed by Terry Zwigoff, a good friend of Crumb's for 25 years, you could only think one thing: whitewash. With Crumb being so famously press shy, a nice puff piece seemed inevitable. Some 119 minutes later I emerged exhilarated, exhausted and confused. Like a mystery slowly revealed one layer at a time, *Crumb* deftly hopped from humor to horror as the troubled life of the artist was revealed.

At Sundance recently, director Terry Zwigoff made a huge career error and opted to sit in the FTVG hot seat with GUIDE virgin, Paul "Detroit Kid" Zimmerman.

Your film has become the darling of the festivals. How do you plan on handling the pending success?

I will try to get a job directing traffic if I can—I'm desperate, man. I'm broke.

I've got to get a job. A bunch of people advised me that during your ten days at Sundance you're going to have your ten minutes of fame and that you're going to have to make your deal then. I don't



THERE'S NO WAIT FOR CRUMB:
The legendary lover of women
gets up close and one.

know if they know what they are talking about.

Those little deals scribbled on napkins.

I haven't literally had ten seconds to think straight in the last two months. I've just been so busy delivering the materials to Sony and doing the blowup and all this other stuff. I haven't had much time to really think about what I want to do next. Finally in the last few days, I've been able to think of a book that I'd really liked or a movie that I want to remake or can I write a screenplay. Do I want to write a screenplay, or should I push the screenplay that I wrote with Crumb, should I push that? No, because Crumb is so difficult to be involved with. As soon as someone is interested he'll say, "No, let's not let them buy it." He won't compromise at all and that is too difficult to deal with.

So I brought these books with me, like *Confederacy of Dunces*. There's a whole history of people who have been trying to make that for years. Steven Soderbergh owns it now. *Women* by Bukowski, no, no, no, that's owned. *Ham and Eggs*, Spielberg owns that. All these Bukowski books are bought up. In fact, *Totum* is the one book left.

Can you explain about the problem you had with a review of Crumb in Premiere magazine?

Basically it's just that [writer] J. Hoberman is one of a number of guys who has reviewed the film already and basically the review consists of just going through the plot as it is. Every twist and turn, every surprise, every revelation in the film is sort of just given away, and as a result I think the film is ruined. And then in this review in *Premiere* like a month later said something to effect of "the film's strengths and weaknesses are one in the same and they are typified by the director's decision to excise the sisters from the film." The writer never stayed to the opening credits where it explains about the sisters.

Was there any pressure to have the film be shorter?

Yeah, there was pressure. I was trying to get it done shorter myself. I thought it would be a better film if it was 15 minutes shorter. I think almost all films could be better shorter, generally. I had just worked on this thing for so long, and no two people

could agree on what should be taken out. Actually, that's wrong. We had a couple work in progress screenings and the consensus was the scenes that should go were, and this was a screening at Berkeley and this is important to know, everything was directed at toning him down in terms of his negativity and criticism. Like "Why do you need him wandering through his neighborhood muttering about his neighbors calling them schmucks or putzes, or jerks. Or why do you need him putting down rap music?" Because when I hang out with him, that's all he does. I didn't think the film had enough of that. People at Berkeley, and California in general, were really put off by that negativity. They'd say, "Why do you have to show that side of him, that isn't interesting." In New York they ate it up,

"I told him that I didn't think that he was like Tom Cruise and that people were going to come running up to him on the street. Even if they did recognize him from the film, they'd probably go running the other way."

**—ZWIGOFF
ON CRUMB'S
FEAR OF FAME**

they liked that edge. So I left it in there.

How much does Crumb monitor what's going on? Does he get reports weekly or monthly?

He talks to me about once a week and he's always very upset and dismayed about the whole thing. He's been getting a lot of calls from people, a lot of people clip out reviews and then mail them to him. It's only really had two screenings before this festival like Toronto and New York. People in New York who know him have his address and mail them to him. Some of



An excited Terry Zwigoff.

these reviews I wish they wouldn't mail because they are very insensitive. They sort of lump the family into this nut-case generic group, and I tried so hard in this film to give them enough time on the screen. I knew people would think they were nuts and eccentric, but at the same time I wanted them to see that they were very intelligent, brilliant and talented. The main thing he's worried about is that he thinks the film will be very successful. I think he hoped all along that it would not be widely seen but be more of an underground thing. He's afraid mainly that he's not going to be able to get around the United States anymore to do business without being recognized. I told him that I didn't think that he was like Tom Cruise and that people were going to come running up to him on the street. Even if they did recognize him from the film, they'd probably go running the other way. **[FTV]**

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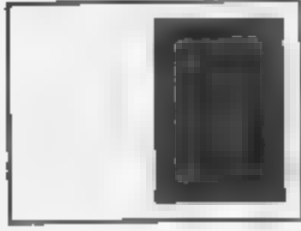
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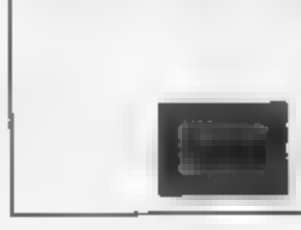
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Are you tired of short films that make you wish you were dead? Watch as a peep show dancer explodes in *Queen Merry*, see a man practically beat his son to death courtesy of *Screaming Chigger Productions*, and hear a real life killer describe how being a small town loser drove him to violence in *Pleasant Hill, USA*. Not enough? Hear the tortured screams from the local graveyard in *Rosa Mi Amour* and experience the hallucinations of a strung out addict in *Detritus*. (90 min.) \$29.95

NEW! CHICKENHAWK: MEN WHO LOVE BOYS *

(CHK153) Parents fear them. The FBI hunts them. Young boys excite them. Learn the horrible truth about the National Association of Man/Boy Love (NAMBLA) in director Adi Sideman's shocking exposé on the pedophilia underworld. "The most unnerving film since *Psycho*!" —*NY Post*; "Never less than totally gripping!" —*LA Weekly*; "Fascinating, frightening and important!" —*NY Newsday* (60 min.) \$34.95

CORPSE FUCKING ART *

(CFA122) Interviews and behind-the-scenes footage explain *Nekromantik* director Jorg Buttgeriet's cinematocrities—with rare stills, gore effect secrets and unreleased scenes. Includes short *Hot Love*! (90 min.) \$29.95

THE CRAZY NEVER DIE

(CND149) The Doctor is now on video in this exclusive Hunter S. Thompson documentary! Watch him drink, write, rant and golf! This is a must for all Gonzo wannabes and guaranteed to amaze even the most jaded HST experts. Features cover art by Ralph Steadman. (30 min.) \$24.95

DARKNESS * (DRK143) The most grisly vampire horror tale yet concocted, this film offers a bloodthirsty plague of the undead run amok! The exploding head meltdown finale will leave even the most jaded gorehound reeling with disgust and amusement. (90 min.) \$29.95

THE DEATH KING *

(DKG106) Seven suicides make for a week of bizarre horror from Jorg Buttgeriet. Features a gruesome Nazi torture scene not for the squeamish! (80 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

HARDCORE: THE FILMS OF RICHARD KERN VOL I *

(HCR107) This compilation includes such evil NY-underground classics as *You Killed Me First*, *Submit To Me*, and *The Right Side of My Brain* specially edited by Kern exclusively for FTV. Features Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, Henry Rollins and music by Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HARDCORE KERN VOL II *

(HCR111) Another exclusive collection. Includes the legendary Lydia Lunch collaboration *Fingered* and the notorious *Evil Cameraman*. Featuring Sonic Youth and Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HATED: GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES *

(HAT132) Completed just before his death, *Hated* captures all the sound and fury that was GG Allin—who broke parole to appear in the film. Here is not only Allin's live act that drew the curious, but the injuries, police activity and rock 'n' roll savagery that is his legacy. Also contains exclusive footage of Allin's equally unusual funeral! (60 min.) \$24.95

NEW! HOOKED ON COMIX

(CMX155) Nineteen of the most influential comic artists of our time spill their guts in this graphic documentary—including Peter Bagge (*Hate*, *New Stuff*), Chester Brown (*Yummy Fur*, *The Playboy*), Roberta Gregory (*Naughty Bits*), Gilbert and Jamie Hernandez (*Love and Rockets*) and Julie Doucet (*Dirty Plottie*). Music by Bikini Kill, Beat Happening and Sick & Wrong. "A fine documentary dealing with the alternative comics scene, produced and directed by David P. Moore, who has never, to my knowledge, done anything I disapprove of!"

Harvey Pekar, creator of *American Splendor* (60 min.) \$29.95

NEW! I WAS A TEENAGE

SERIAL KILLER (TSK159) Join the beautiful Mary in her adventures as America's favorite female serial killer! Gritty and gruesome, this flick will satisfy your burning lust to see women kill annoying men. (30 min.) \$14.95

MALICIOUS INTENT (MAL 149)

Lydia Lunch assaults all you hold dear in this stunning three part LIVE performance tape that challenges not only the audience, but the entire sexist, racist, violence-prone world that inspires her poetic savagery. A must-have for all serious followers. (90 min.) \$29.95

NEW! EUROFETISH *

(FET156) Dive into Denmark's underground S/M and body piercing scenes in this unflinching video investigation! Whippings, perforations and blood intermingled while the camera never turns away—but will you? Part one, *Mistress of the Rings* (picked in FTVG#11 as one of the "25 Videos You Must See") will have you thinking twice about that "Prince Albert" you pondered while part two, *Domnans*, will leave you butt sore for weeks! (60 min.) \$24.95

MY SWEET SATAN *

(MSS150) Cult horror director Jim Van Bebber tickles violence, drugs and heavy metal in this shocking tale of Satanic worship gone amok. SUPER GRAPHIC and gut-gagging, this tape includes a remastered version of *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin* and the druggie documentary *Doper*. The all-time highest rated film by Joe Bob Briggs' Underground Film Committee "Scores a perfect 100 on the vomit meter... four stars. Joe Bob says check it out." (60 min.) \$24.95

NEKROMANTIK *

(NEK105) This uncut, nekro-classic is an absolute 10 on the squirm-o-meter as the disenfranchised youth of Deutschland find inventive uses for the not-so-recently-deceased. Oddly, it's a love story too... "Grotesque and truly horrifying." —*The Official Splat! Movie Guide* (74 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

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RED *

(RED104) "Is Al there, Alcoholic?" Phone pranks can kill a man! If you know about the Red tape, this visual depiction is a must! Lawrence Tierney stars in this hilariously obscene film about the misuse of the telephone. (15 min.) \$19.95

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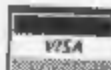
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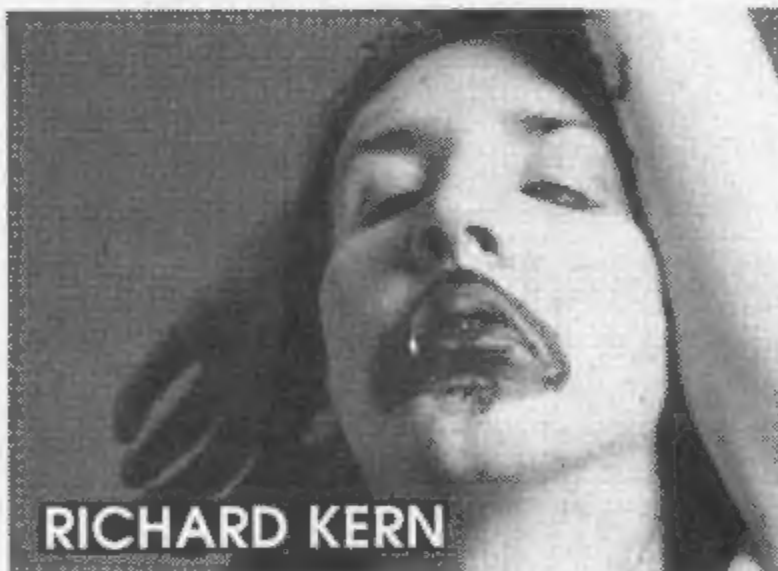
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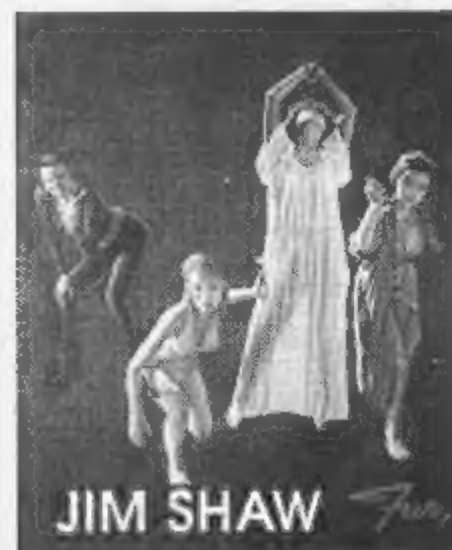


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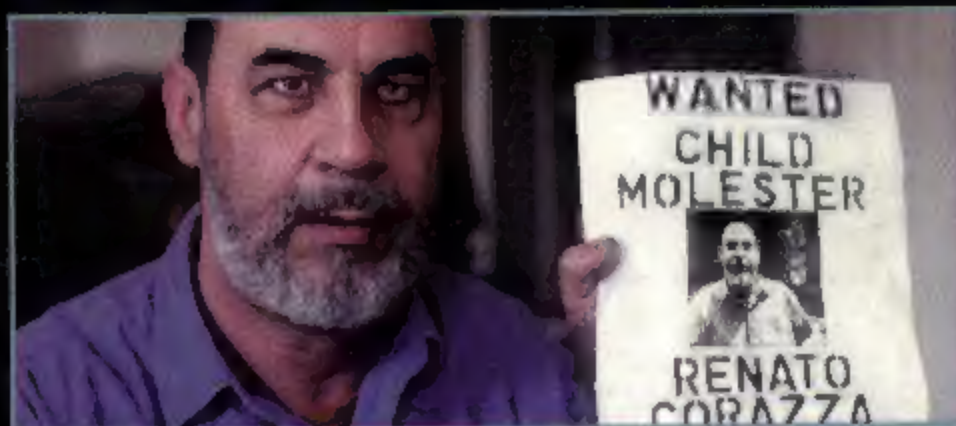
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